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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,
WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

X. COINNEACH NA CUIRCE, or KENNETH OF THE WHITTLE, so called from his skill in carving on wood, and general dexterity with that primitive instrument the Highland Sgian Dubh. He succeeded his father in 1561. In the following year he was among those chiefs who, at the head of their followers, met Queen Mary at Inverness, and aided her in getting possession of the Castle after Alexander Gordon, the governor, refused her access. In the same year there is an Act of Privy Council, dated the 21st of May, which bears that he had delivered up Mary Macleod, the heiress of Harris and Dunvegan, of whom he had previously by accident obtained the custody, into the hands of Queen Mary, with whom she remained for several years as a maid of honour. He had prior to this refused to give her up to her lawful guardian, James Macdonald of Dunyveg and the Glens. In 1563 we find him on the jury, with James, Earl of Moray, and others, at Inverness, by whom John Campbell of Cawdor was served heir to the Barony of Strathnairn.* This Chief of Kintail was advanced in years before he came into possession, and took, as we have seen, an active and distinguished part in all the affairs of his clan during the career of his long-lived father. He seems after his return from meeting Queen Mary at Inverness to have retired very much into private life, for we find him, on Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle, sending his son Colin, who was then very young and attending his studies at Aberdeen, at the head of his vassals and followers to join the Earl of Huntly. Colin was sent by the Earl, says the Laird of Applecross, "as one whose prudence he confided, to advise the Queen's retreat to Stirling, where she might stay in security till all her friends were convocate, but by an unhappy council she refused this advice and fought at Langside, where Colin was present, and when by the Regent's (Earl of Moray appointed on Mary's defeat) insolence, after that victory, all the loyal subjects were forced to take remissions for their duty, as if it were a crime. Amongst the rest Mackenzie takes one, the only one that ever any of his family had;

* *Invernessiana*, p. 220.

and this is rather a mark of his fidelity than evidence of failure, and an honour, not a task of his posterity." It would have been already noticed that a second remission had been received, for the imprisonment and murder of John Glassich, son of Hector Roy Mackenzie of Gairloch, in Islandonan Castle. Dr George Mackenzie informs us that Kenneth apprehended him and sent him prisoner to the Castle, where he was poisoned by the constable's lady, whereupon ane certain female, foster-sister of his, composed a Gaelic rhyme to commemorate him. The Earl of Cromartie gives the reason for the imprisonment and murder. It was rumoured that John Glassich intended to prosecute his father's claim to the Kintail estates, and Kenneth hearing of this sent for him to Brahan. John suspecting nothing, came accompanied only by his ordinary servants. Kenneth questioned him regarding the suspicious rumours, and not being quite satisfied with the answers, he caused John to be at once apprehended. One of John's servants, named John Gearr, seeing his master apprehended, struck at Kenneth of Kintail a fearful blow with a two-handed sword, but fortunately Kenneth, who was standing close to the table, nimbly moved aside, and the blow missed him, else he would have been cloven to pieces. The sword made a deep cut in the table, "so that you could hide your hand edgeways in it," and the mark remained in the table until Colin, Earl of Seaforth, "caused cut that piece off the table, saying that he loved no such remembrance of the quarrels of his relations." Kenneth was a man of good endowments; he carried so prudently that he had the good-liking of his Prince and peace from his neighbours. He had a peculiar genius for mechanics, and was seldom found without his core, Sgian Dubh, or some other such tool in his hand, with which he produced some excellent specimens of hand-carving on wood. He married early, during his father's lifetime, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John, Earl of Athole, by his lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyll, by whom he had three sons—first, Murdoch, who, being fostered in the house of Bayne of Tulloch, that gentleman, on his being sent home, presented him with a goodly stock of milk cows, with the grazing of Strathvaich in the Forest of Strathrannich. Murdoch died before attaining his majority. Kenneth was succeeded by his second son, Colin; to his third, Roderick, he gave the lands of Redcastle. Of many daughters, one was married first to Macdonald of Glengarry, and secondly to Chisholm of Comar; a second to Ross of Balnagown; a third to Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh;* a fourth to Walter Urquhart of Cromarty; a fifth to Robert Munro of Fowlis; and a sixth to Innes of Inverbreaky. By these intermarriages he left his house singularly powerful in family alliances, and, as we have seen, in 1554 he derived no small benefit from them himself. He died, during his son's absence with Queen Mary, at Killin, on the 6th of June 1568, was buried at Beauly, and succeeded by his second son,

* The following anecdote is related regarding this match:—Lachlan Mackintosh, being only an infant when his father William Mackintosh of that ilk was murdered in 1550, was carried for safety by some of his humble retainers to the county of Ross. This came to the knowledge of Colin, younger of Kintail, who took possession of the young heir of Mackintosh, and carried him to Islandonan Castle. The old chief retained him, and treated him with great care until the years of pupillary had expired, and then married him to his daughter Agnes, by no means an unsuitable match for either, apart from the time and manner in which it was consummated.

XI. CAILEAN CAM, OR ONE-EYED COLIN, who soon became a great favourite at Court, especially with the young King James VI.; so much so, as the Earl of Cromartie informs us, that "there was none in the North for whom he had a greater esteem than for this Colin. He made him one of his Privie Councillors, and oft tymes invited him to be nobilitate (ennobled); but Colin always declined it, aiming rather to have his familie remarkable for power, as it were, above their qualitie than for titles that equalled their power." "In 1570 King James VI. granted to Coline Makcainze, the son and apparent heir of the deceased Canzeoch of Kintaill, permission to be served heir in his minority to all the lands and rents in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, in which his father died last vest and seised. In 1572 the same King confirmed a grant made by Colin Makcanze of Kintaill to Barbara Graunt, his affianced spouse, in fulfilment of a contract between him and John Grant of Freuchie, dated 25th April 1571, of his lands of Climbo, Keppach, and Ballichon, Mekle Innerennet, Derisduan Beg, Little Innerennet, Derisduan Moir, Auchadrein, Kirkton, Ard-tulloch, Rovoch, Quhissil, Tullych, Derewall and Nuik, Inchchro, Morowoch, Glenlik, Innersell and Nuik, Achazarge, Kinlochbeancharan, and Innerchonray, in the Earldom of Ross, and Sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1574 the same Colin was served heir to his father Kenneth M'Keinzie in the davach of Letterfernane, the davach of Glenshall, and other lands in the barony of Ellendonane of the old extent of five marks." *

In 1570 a quarrel broke out between the Mackenzies and the Monros. Lesley, the celebrated Bishop of Ross, and who had been secretary to Queen Mary, dreading the effect of public feeling at this time against prelacy, and particularly against himself, in the North, made over to his cousin Lesley, the Laird of Balquhain, his rights and titles to the Canonry of Ross, together with the castle lands, in order to divest them of the character of church property, and so save them to his family; but notwithstanding this grant, the Regent Murray gave the custody of the castle to Andrew Monro of Milntown, a rigid presbyterian, and in high favour with Murray, who promised Lesley some of the lands of the barony of Fintry in Buchan as an equivalent; but the Regent died before this arrangement was carried out—before Monro obtained the title to the castle and castle lands as he expected. Yet he ultimately obtained permission from the Earl of Lennox, during his regency, and afterwards from the Earl of Mar, his successor in that office, to get possession of the castle. The Mackenzies were not at all pleased to see the Monros occupying the stronghold; and, being desirous to obtain possession of the castle themselves, they purchased Lesley's right, and by virtue thereof demanded delivery of the castle. This was at once refused by the Monros. Kintail raised his vassals, who, joined by a detachment of the Mackintoshes,†

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiae*, p. 393, vol. ii.

† In the year 1573, Lachlan More, Laird of Mackintosh, favouring Kintail, his brother-in-law, required all the people of Strathnairn to join him against the Monros. Colin, Lord of Lorn, had at the time the administration of that lordship as the jointure lands of his wife, the Countess Dowager of Murray, and he wrote to Hugh Rose of Kilravock, "My Baillie off Strathnairne, for as much as it is reported to me that Mackintosh has charged all my tenants west of the water of Nairn to pass forward with him to Ross to enter into this treblous action with Mackenzie against the laird of Fowlis, and because I will not that any of mine enter presently this matter whose service appertains to me, wherefore I will desire you to make my will known to my

garrisoned the steeple of the Cathedral Church, and laid siege to Irvine's Tower and the Palace, which stood out three years, when one day the garrison getting short of provisions, attempted a sortie to the Ness of Fortrose, where there was a salmon stell, the contents of which they hoped to secure. They were under the command of John Monro, grandson of George, fourth laird of Fowlis, who was killed at the battle of "Bealach na Broige." The band were soon discovered, and quickly followed by Kintail's garrison, under Iain Dubh Mac Ruairidh Mhic Alastair, who fell upon the starving Monros, and after a desperate struggle killed twenty-six of them, among whom was their leader, John Monro; while the Mackenzies only sustained a loss of two men killed and a few wounded. The castle immediately capitulated, was taken possession of by the Mackenzies, and afterwards confirmed to Kintail by King James VI.* In 1573 the Earl of Sutherland petitioned to have himself served heir to his estates, at Aberdeen, as he could not get a jury to sit at Inverness, the country being so disturbed, and "in consequence of the barons, such as Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, Hugh Lord Lovat, Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, and Robert Monro of Fowlis, being at deadly feud among themselves."†

In 1580 a desperate feud broke out between the Mackenzies and Macdonalds of Glengarry. The latter inherited one-half the districts of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom, from his grandmother, Margaret, one of the sisters and co-heiresses of Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh. Kenneth, when heir-apparent to his father, had acquired the other half of those districts by purchase from Dingwall of Kildun, son of the other co-heiress of Sir Donald, on the 24th November 1554, and Queen Mary granted him a royal charter. We can easily conceive many causes of quarrel arising with such men in such close proximity. Glengarry and his followers continually "sorned" on Mackenzie's tenants, not only in the districts which were in the immediate vicinity of his own property, but also, in their raids from Glengarry, on the outskirts of Kintail, so that Mackenzie's dependants were almost crushed by Glengarry's tyranny and ill-use. Even his own tenants in Lochalsh and Lochcarron fared little better, more particularly the Mathesons in the former, and the Clann Ian Uidhir in the latter, who were the original possessors of those parts of Glengarry's lands. These tribes finding themselves subject to such abject and miserable slavery, though they regularly paid their rents and other dues, and seeing how kindly Mackenzie used their neighbouring tenants, envied their comfortable state and "abhorred Glengarry's rascality who would lie in their houses (yea, force their women and daughters) so long as there was any good to be given, which made them keep better amity and correspondence with Mackenzie and his tenants than with their own master and his followers. This may partly teach how superiors ought always to govern and oversee their tenantry and followers, especially in

tenants at Strathnae within your Bailliary, that none of them take upon hand to rise at this present with Mackintosh to pass to Ross, or at any time hereafter without my special command and goodwill obtained under such pains," &c., &c. (Dated) Darnaway, 28th of June 1573.—*Kilravock Writs*, p. 263.

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 154, and MS. Histories of the Family.

† Antiquarian Notes, p. 79.

the Highlands, who are ordinarily made up of several clans, and will not readily underlie such slavery as the Incountry Commons will do."

The first serious outbreak between the Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Mackenzies originated thus: One Duncan Mac Ian Uidhir Mhic Dhonnachaidh, who was known as "a very honest gentleman," and who in his early days lived under Glengarry, being a very good deerstalker and excellent shot, often resorted to the forest of Glasletter, where he killed many of the deer belonging to Mackenzie of Gairloch. Some time afterwards, Duncan, in consequence of certain troubles in his own country, was obliged to leave it, and with all his family and goods he took up his quarters in Glen Affrick, close to the forest of Glasletter. He went, soon after, accompanied by a friend, to the nearest hill, where he commenced his old favourite pursuit of deerstalking. Mackenzie's forester perceiving him, and knowing him as an old poacher, cautiously walked up to him, and coming upon him unawares, demanded that he should at once surrender himself and his arms. Duncan finding that Gairloch's forester was accompanied by only one gillie, "thought it an irrecoverable affront that he and his man should so yield, refused to do so on any terms, whereupon the forester being ill-set, and remembering former abuses in their passages," he and his companion instantly killed the Glengarry men, and buried them in the hill. Fionnla Dubh Mac Dhomh'uill Mhoir, and Donald Mac Ian Leith, a Gairloch man, were the two suspected of this murder; but it was never proved against them, though they were both repeatedly put on their trial by Kintail and Gairloch. Some two years after the foul deed was committed, Duncan's bones were discovered in the hill on which he was killed, by one of his own friends who still continued to make a diligent search for him. The Glengarry men had always suspected foul play, and this being now placed beyond question by the discovery of the victims, a party of the Macdonalds started, determined to revenge the murder of their clansmen; and, arriving at Inchlochell in Glenstrathfarrar which then belonged to Rorie Mor of Redcastle, they found Duncan Mac Ian Mhic Dhomh'uill Mhoir, a brother of the suspected Finlay Dubh, without any concern or fear of approaching danger busily engaged ploughing his bit land, and they attacked and killed him on the spot. Redcastle hearing of the murder of his tenant, at once dispatched a messenger to Glengarry demanding redress and the punishment of the murderers, which Glengarry refused. Rorie Mor determined to have satisfaction, and resolved, much against the counsel of his friends, to have retribution for this and previous injuries the best way he could. Having thus determined, he sent for his trusted friend, Dugald Mackenzie of Applecross, to consult with him as to the best mode of procedure to secure success. Macdonald of Glengarry at this time lived in the Castle of Strome, Lochcarron, and the two Mackenzies resolved to use every means in their power to capture him, or some of his nearest relatives. With this view, Dugall suggested a plan by which he induced the unsuspecting Glengarry to meet him on a certain day at Kishorn. Rorie of Redcastle, to avoid any suspicion, would start for Lochbroom, as it were, to attend to his interest there; and if Glengarry agreed to meet the other at Kishorn, he would send notice of the day to Rorie. As soon as Dugall arrived at home, he dispatched a messenger to Glengarry to inform him that he had matters of

great importance to communicate to him, and that he wished for that purpose to meet him on any day which he might deem suitable. Day and place were soon arranged, and Dugall at once sent a messenger to Rory Mor, with full particulars of the proposed meeting, who immediately gathered his friends, the Clann Allan, and marched with them to Lochcarron. He there, on his arrival, had a meeting with Donald Mac Ian Mhic Ian Uidhir, and Angus Mac Eachainn, both of the the Clann Ian Uidhir, who lived on his lands in Lochcarron, and one of whom, if not both, was married to Glengarry's aunt. " Yet notwithstanding this alliance, they, fearing his, and his rascality's further oppression, were content to join Rory in the plot." The appointed day having arrived, Glengarry and his lady (who was a daughter of the Captain of Clan Ranald, he having previously sent away his lawful wife, a daughter of the laird of Grant) came by sea to Kishorn. He and Dugall Mackenzie having conferred together for a considerable time discussing various matters of importance to each other as neighbours, Glengarry took his leave, but while being convoyed to his boat, Dugall suggested to him the impropriety of going home by sea on such a clumsy boat when he had only two miles to walk, and if he did not suspect his own inability to make the lady comfortable for the night, he would be glad to provide for her and see her home safely in the morning. Glengarry declined the proffered hospitality to his lady ; sent her home by the boat with four of his followers ; told Dugall that he would not endanger the boat by overloading, and that he and his other gentlemen and followers would go on foot. Rory Mor had meanwhile placed himself and his men in ambush in a place called Glaic nan Gillean. Glengarry and his train, without the slightest suspicion, on their way to Strome Castle, came upon them, when they were suddenly surrounded by Rory's followers, and called upon to surrender themselves prisoners. Seeing this, one of the Macdonalds shot an arrow at Rory Mor, which fixed in the fringe of his plaid, when his followers, thinking their leader had been mortally wounded, furiously attacked the Macdonalds ; but Rory commanded his friends, under pain of death, to save Glengarry's life. The latter finding himself in such straits, and hearing Rory's orders to the men, threw away his sword, and ran into Rory's arms, begging that his life might be spared. This was at once granted him, but not a single one of his men escaped from the onslaught of the infuriated followers of Rory Mor, who started with Glengarry that same night to Lochbroom.

This, however, did not satisfy the cruel disposition of Donald Mac Ian Mhic Ian Uidhir and Angus Mac Eachainn, who had an old grudge against Glengarry, because his father had some time previously evicted their father from a dawoch of land—Attadale, in Lochcarron, to which they claimed a right. So they went, under silence of night, gathered all the Clann Ian Uidhir, and proceeded to Arinskaig and Dalmartin, where lived at the time three uncles of Glengarry—Gorrie, Rory, and Ronald—who with all their retainers were killed on the spot. " This murder was undoubtedly unknown to Rory or any of the Mackenzies, though alleged otherwise ; for as soon as his nephew, Colin of Kintail, and his friends heard of this accident, they were much concerned, and would have him (Rory) set Glengarry at liberty ; but all their persuasions would not do till he was secured of him by writ and oath, that he and his would

never pursue this accident either legally or unlegally, and which, as was said, he never intended to do, till seventeen years thereafter, when in 1597 the children of these three uncles of Glengarry arrived at manhood," determined, as will be seen hereafter, to revenge their father's death.* Gregory, however, says (p. 219) that after his liberation, Glengarry complained to the Privy Council, who, investigating the matter, caused the Castle of Strome, which Macdonald yielded to Mackenzie as one of the conditions of his release, to be placed under the temporary custody of the Earl of Argyll; and Mackenzie of Kintail was detained at Edinburgh in what was called open ward to answer such charges as might be brought against him. This is established by the Records of the Privy Council.† In 1586 King James VI. granted a remission to Colin M'Kainzie of Kintail, and Rodoric M'Kainzie of Auchterfailie (Redcastle and Arpafeelie) his brother, for being art and part in the cruel murder of Rodoric M'Allester in Stroll; Gorie M'Allester, his brother, in Stromeraag; Ronnald M'Gorie, the son of the latter; John Roy M'Allane v. Allester in Peitnean; John Dow M'Allane v. Allester in Kirkton of Lochearroun; Alexander M'Allanroy, servitor of the deceased Rodoric; Sir John Monro in Lochbrume; John Monro, his son; John Monro Hucheoun, and the rest of their accomplices under silence of night upon the lands of Ardmachtyke, Dalmartene, Kirkton of Lochearroun, Blahat, and other parts within the baronies of Lochearroun, Lochbrume, Ros, and Kessane, in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, and for all other past crimes.‡

During Colin's reign Huntly obtained a commission of fire and sword against Mackintosh of Mackintosh (who was married, as we have seen, to a sister of Colin Mackenzie of Kintail), and reduced him to such a condition that he was obliged to remove with his family and friends for better security to the Isle of Moy. Huntly came to Inverness and prepared a large fleet of boats, with which to besiege the Island. These preparations being completed, and the boats ready to be drawn across the hills to Moy, Mackenzie heard of Huntly's intentions, and despatched a messenger to Inverness, desiring his Lordship to be as favourable as possible to his sister, Mrs Mackintosh of Mackintosh—to treat her as a gentlewoman ought to be treated, when he came to Moy, and that he would consider this a great act of courtesy towards himself personally. The messenger delivered his message, to which Huntly replied, that if it were his good fortune, as he doubted not it would be, to apprehend her husband and her, she would "be the worst used lady in the North; that she was an ill-instrument against his cause, and therefore he would cut her tail above her houghs." "Well, then," answered the messenger, "he (Mackenzie) bade me tell your Lordship if that were your answer, that perhaps he or his would be there to have a better care of her." "I do not value his being there more than herself," Huntly replied, "and tell him so much from me." The messenger departed, when

* Original Ancient MS. History of the Mackenzies, for which we are indebted to Allangrange; and the Letterfearn MS., for which we are obliged to Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn.

† See those of 10th August and 2d December 1582; and of 11th January and 8th March 1582-3.

‡ Origines Parochiales Scottiae and Retours.

some of Huntly's principal officers who heard the conversation found fault with his Lordship for sending Mackenzie such an uncivil answer, as he might have cause to regret it if Mackenzie took it amiss. The messenger having returned, informed his master of what had occurred and told him Huntly's message. Colin, who was himself generally in delicate health, sent for his brother Rory Mor of Redcastle, who next day crossed the ferry of Ardersier with a force of four hundred warriors; marched straight through the hills for the Island of Moy; and just as Huntly, on his way from Inverness, was coming in sight, on the west of Moy, Rory and his followers were marching along the face of the hill on the east side of the island; and his Lordship perceiving such a force, asked his officers who they could be. One of them who was present during the interview with Mackenzie's messenger on the previous day, answered, "Yonder is the effect of your answer to Mackenzie." "I wonder," replied Huntly, "how he could have so many men ready almost in an instant." The officer answered, "Their leader is so active and fortunate that his men will flock to him from all parts on a moment's notice when he has any ado. And before you gain Mackintosh or his lady, you will lose more than he is worth, since now, as it seems her friends take part in the quarrel;" whereupon, and on further consideration, he retired with his forces to Inverness, "so that it seemed fitter to Huntly to agree their differs friendly than prosecute the laws further against Mackintosh."

About this time troubles began in the Lews which ultimately ended in that extensive principality coming into the possession of the House of Kintail, and although the most important events connected with it, and leading up to the great result will principally fall to be treated under our next head, the cause of the quarrel having originated during Colin Cam's life, it may be more convenient to explain its origin under the present.

Roderick Macleod of the Lews first married Barbara Stuart, daughter of Lord Methven, by whom he had one son called Torquil Oighre, or the Heir. This youth on arriving at manhood gave proofs of a fierce and warlike disposition, but in sailing from Lews to Skye on one of his raids, he with two hundred men perished in a great storm. Upon the death of Torquil's mother, old Rory married, for his second wife, Janet, daughter of John of Killin, by whom he had a son, named Torquil Cononach, so called from his having been brought up with his mother's relations in Strathconon. Old Roderick, by all accounts, was not quite so pure and virtuous in his domestic character as one might wish, for we find him having no less than five bastard sons, named respectively, Tormod Uigeach, Murdoch, Niel, Donald, and Rory Og, all of whom arrived at maturity. In these circumstances it can hardly be supposed that his lady's domestic happiness would have been of the most complete and felicitous description. It has been alleged, by this paragon of virtue, that she had been unfaithful to him, and had criminal intimacy with the Brieve (*Breitheamh*), or consistorial judge of the Island. On the other hand, it has been maintained that the Brieve had been pretty severe on the Island chief for his reckless and immoral conduct, and his bad treatment of his lady; and that the unprincipled villain, as he throughout his whole career proved himself to be, revengefully and boldly turned round and accused the judge

himself of adultery with his wife. Be that as it may, the unfortunate woman, attempting to escape from his cruel and harsh treatment, while passing in a large birlinn, or boat, from the Lews to Coigeach, on the opposite side of the coast, was pursued and run down by some of her husband's followers, when she with all on board perished. He now disinherited her son, Torquil Cononach, the grandson of John of Killin, maintaining that he was not his son and heir, but the fruit of his wife's unfaithfulness.* Macleod married a third time, a daughter of Maclean of Dowart, by whom he had two sons—Torquil Dubh, whom he now declared his heir and successor, and Tormod, known as Tormod Og. Torquil Cononach, now designated "of Coigeach," married a daughter of Glen-garry, who bore him two sons—John and Niel—and five daughters; and raising as many men as would accompany him, he, with the assistance of two of his natural brothers—Tormod and Murdoch—started for the Lews to vindicate his right as his father's legitimate heir and successor, when he defeated his father and his supporters, and confined the former in the Castle of Stornoway for four years, until he was finally obliged to acknowledge him (Torquil Cononach) as his lawful son and successor. The bastards now quarrelled among themselves. Donald killed Tormod Uigeach. Murdo in resentment seized Donald and carried him to Coigeach; but he afterwards escaped and complained to Old Rory, who was highly offended at Donald for seizing, and with Torquil Cononach for detaining Donald. Roderick ordered Murdoch to be captured, and to be confined in his own old quarters in the Castle of Stornoway. Torquil Cononach now returned to the Lews, reduced the castle, liberated Murdoch, again confined his father, and killed many of his men, at the same time carrying off all the wreths and charters, and depositing them for safety with his relative, Mackenzie of Kintail. He had meanwhile left his son John (who had been in the service of Huntly, and whom he now called home) in charge of the castle, and in possession of the Lews, out of which he imprudently banished his natural uncles, Donald and Rory Og. Rory Og soon after returned with a considerable number of followers, attacked his nephew John in Stornoway, killed him, and released his own father, old Roderick Macleod, who was allowed to possess the Island in peace during the remainder of his life. It has been well observed, "thus was the Siol Torquil weakened, by private dissensions, and exposed to fall prey, as it did soon afterwards, to the growing power of the Mackenzies;" but more of this hereafter. In 1594 Alexander Bayne, younger of Tulloch, granted a charter of the lands of Rhindoun in favour of Colin Mackenzie

* Most of the MS. Histories of the family which we have perused say that Rory Macleod's wife was a daughter of Kenneth Bulair, but it is scarcely possible that the daughter of a Chief who died in 1491 could have been the wife of one who lived into the early years of the seventeenth century. She must have been rather Kenneth's granddaughter, a daughter of John of Killin. This view is corroborated by a decree arbitral in 1554, in which Torquil Cononach is called the *oy (ogha, or grandson) of John Mackenzie*.—*Acts and Decrees of Session, X., folio 201.* The Roderick Macleod who married, probably for his second wife, Agnes, daughter of Kenneth a Blair, must have been Roderick Macleod, seventh of Lewis, who died some time after his father early in the sixteenth century. According to the "Ancient" MS. already quoted, Rory married—first, Barbara Stewart, and "after her death he married the Lady Reah (McKayes Robert), who was Mackenzie's daughter. She was mother to Torquill Conanigh." This Lady Reah was afterwards ravished from this Rory by a kinsman of his own, called John MacGillechallum, brother of Alexander, then Laird of Rasay."

of Kintail and his heirs male, proceeding on a contract of sale betwixt them, dated 10th of March 1574. On the 10th of July in the same year there is "a contract of alienation" of these lands by the same Colin Mackenzie of Kintail in favour of Roderick Mackenzie of Ardefillie (Redcastle), his brother-german, and his heirs male. A charter implementing this contract is dated the 20th of October following, by which the lands "are to be holden blench and for relieving Kintail of the feu-duty and services payable to his superiors." These lands are afterwards, in 1625, resigned by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle into the hands of Colin, second Earl of Seaforth, the immediate lawful superior thereof, for new infestments to be granted to Roderick Mackenzie, his second lawful son.*

Colin, in addition to his acquisition in Lochalsh and Lochcarron, "feued the Lordship of Ardmeanach, and the Barony of Delnys, Brae Ross, with the exception of Western Achnacherich, Western Drynie, and Tarradale, which Bayne of Tulloch had feued before, but found it his interest to hold of him as immediate superior, which, with the former possessions of the lands of Chanonry, greatly enhanced his influence. Albeit his predecessors were active both in war and peace, and precedent in acquiring their estate; yet this man acquired more than all that went before him, and made such a solid progress in it, that what he had acquired was with the goodwill of his sovereign, and clear unquestionable purchase. He protected his cousin, Torquil Macleod of Lewis, when he was oppressed by his unnatural relations and natural brothers, and from this he acquired a right to the lands of Assynt."†

He married Barbara daughter of John Grant of Grant, by Lady Marjory Stewart daughter of John third Earl of Athole, by whom he had four sons—first, Kenneth, afterwards Lord Kintail; secondly, Sir Roderick of Coigeach, progenitor of the families of Cromarty or Tarbat, Seatwell, Tarvie, Baloan, and others; third, Alexander first of Kilecoy, from whom are descended Muirton, Findon, &c; and fourth, Colin of Kinnock and Pitlundie. Colin also had a natural son, Alexander, by Margaret, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, second laird of Davochmaluak, who became the founder of the family of Applecross, Coul, and Assynt. His eldest daughter married Simon, eighth Lord Lovat; and his second married Eachainn Og, or Hector Maclean of Duart; while a third married Macdonald of Sleat; and in the words of our last quoted authority, "this Colin lived beloved by princes and people, and died, regretted by all, on the 14th of June 1594, at Redcastle, and was buried at Bewlie." He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(*To be Continued.*)

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—For full particulars regarding this Work, now about to be published in a handsome Volume, for Subscribers only, see Prospectus bound with this number. The List of Subscribers will be published in the Work.

* Writs and Evidents of Lands of Rhindoun; *Antiquarian Notes*, pp. 172-3.
† Earl of Cremartie's MS. History.

A MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Respectfully Dedicated to all good Friends of "The Ard-Albannach.")

BY EVAN MACCOLL.

—o—

He loveth well who loves to don
 The Highland garb ; yet let no one
 Who doeth this think *that* alone
 Can constitute a Highlander.
 The hero of my song, I ween,
 Delighteth in the tartan sheen ;
 Yet, were that all, he ne'er had been
 My muse's model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he,
 Who, what he thinks, speaks frankly, free,
 One who to God alone the knee
 Bends as becomes a Highlander ;
 One who in all things acts the man,
 No matter who his course would ban :
 Step out, my Murdoch ! if there's one
 On earth, thou art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,
 Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,
 The poor man's cause maintaining warm,
 Just like a true-soul'd Highlander.
 I see the scorn within thine eye
 As some evicting chief goes by—
 One whose forbears would sooner die
 Than dispossess a Highlander.

Long be the Gael's chosen tongue
 The language in which Ossian sung ;
 When it is not, 'tis not for long
 Our land can boast a Highlander.
 When dies its speech a nation dies,
 No more to a new life to rise ;
 Knaves who in Saxondom rejoice
 Know this, and hate our Highlander.

But shall we grant the dastard crew,
 With base impunity, to spew
 Their venom on that bonnet blue
 Revered by every Highlander ?
 No ! while with truth and honour steel'd,
 And we have strength his head to shield,
 Were "fifty" Richmonds in the field,
 No foe must hurt our Highlander !

CELTIC LITERATURE,
BY THE REV. THOMAS MACLAUCHLAN, LL.D.*

—o—

In this paper I shall confine myself to what I find written, as existing in old MSS., or taken down from oral recitation. A full and most accurate list of Gaelic books was furnished in 1832 by Mr John Reid in his *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*. This work, however, confined itself to books printed in the Gaelic language, and might now be largely extended. Since then I have given as full and as accurate an account as I could of Gaelic literature in the handsome work on the *History of the Scottish Highlands*, published by the Messrs Fullarton of Edinburgh. Latterly, Professor Blackie, in his "*Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*," has given an excellent sketch of the existing literature of the Gael. Our earliest written Gaelic is, without doubt, the *Book of Deer*; our earliest printed Gaelic is, with as little doubt, "*Carsewell's Prayer-Book*." The former of these is probably of the eleventh or twelfth century, and the latter is of the sixteenth; and a remarkable thing is that the language of both is far more alike than is the language of either to modern Gaelic. I do not know what dialect the people spoke in those bye-gone ages, but the dialect which they wrote and read was very different from that written and read now.

The bulk of the *Book of Deer* is in Latin, and contains portions of the New Testament. The Gaelic portion is written on the margins, and contains chiefly notices of lands given by neighbouring chiefs to God, and St Drostan, and others—or, in other words, to the monastery. The Monastery of Deer lay in the County of Aberdeen, in the modern Parish of Old Deer, from eight to ten miles west of Peterhead. There are some remains of the old buildings still to be seen. The region in which it lies is now a purely Teutonic one, in all except the names of places. The names of the people are those of the southern Scots, and their language is intensely Scottish; and yet in the twelfth century the region seems to have been as purely Celtic. Here was an old Columban monastery, the names of tribes and of single individuals purely Celtic, such as *Clan Morgan* and *Clan Canan*, with such names of persons as *Donchadh*, *Maoilcholum*, *Coinneach*, and the like, while the old Celtic officers of the Crown, the *Maormors* and *Toiseachs*, are in full authority. Nothing could indicate a more radical difference than that between the state of the Parish of Old Deer in the twelfth century, and that of the same parish now. The Latin and the Gaelic are both written by the authors of the *Book of Deer* in the same hand—the old Saxon hand, borrowed from the Romans, and now called the Irish letter. It is manifest that the inmates of the Monastery of Deer were men possessed of a measure of learning, creditable to themselves and to the period in which they lived, and that they cultivated, and freely used, both in speech and writing, their native Gaelic tongue. There must have been at one time a large amount of this Gaelic MS. literature. There are deeply interesting fragments of it still existing,

* Abbreviated from a lecture recently read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and which will appear in full in their next volume of *Transactions*.

but in the dislocations of Scottish society, through the changes of races and of tongues, the great mass of it must have perished. At this moment we have nothing of deeper interest than these eleventh and twelfth century entries in the Book of Deer.

The next oldest MS. which we shall notice is the Book of the Dean of Lismore. Having had five years labour in deciphering and copying out this relic, I should be somewhat familiar with its contents. It was the hardest piece of work in which I ever engaged. The state of the MS., the character of the writing, and, above all, the orthography, made the deciphering of it a work of peculiar difficulty. In the interests of Celtic literature I am glad that it was done, and when some present dust shall have cleared away, its real value will come to appear. One thing it makes clear—that there were poems attributed to Ossian, and other Fingalian bards, recited, written down, and well known in the Highlands so early as 1512. And what is remarkable is that the pieces taken down from oral recitation by transcribers, within the last century and a half, are the pieces for the most part found in this collection. It may be true that there is not a line of Macpherson's Ossian to be found in either, that the poetry of it was unknown, so far as we can now judge, until brought to light by the editor. Let writers on the authenticity question make of that what they may, the fact to which I would desire to call attention is that three hundred and fifty years ago the name of Ossian was as well known in the Scottish Highlands as the name of Homer was in Greece, and that there are numerous and long fragments of poetry in existence which were attributed to him, and to other bards of his period. That is the fact which the Dean of Lismore's Book serves to establish. And although a good deal has been said on the inferiority of these poems, as transcribed by the Dean, to the poetry of Macpherson's Ossian, I am disposed to think that there is not in Gaelic poetry anything finer than Ossian's song of praise to his father, or the death of Oscar, as sung by Fergus the Bard, contained in that book.

The language is identical with the language of the Book of Deer, and that of Carswell, and is very different from the present spoken language of the Highlands, while the handwriting is the Old English, and the orthography phonetic, indicating, at the same time, by the use of the point for the aspirate, and other peculiarities, the acquaintance of the writer with the Irish hand and orthography, as they are now called. I set a high value on this book, as affording evidence, on many points in connection with Celtic literature, which cannot be gainsaid.

The Dean's collection was made in 1512, a considerable time subsequent to the invention of printing. In 1567 appeared the first Gaelic book that ever was printed, and it was creditable to the Highlands that such a book should have been printed at the time. I need hardly say that unless men could read there was little use in furnishing them with books. But this Gaelic book, to aid ministers and congregations in their worship, was prepared and published so early as the reign of Queen Mary, and the author must have acted on the presumption that the Highlanders were able to read it. The very existence of such a book is proof of the fact that so early as 1567 many of the Highlanders could read their own language. It is quite as true in 1878, that many of them cannot, and

what is more to be regretted, that men of influence and power in the matter of education are so narrow and short-sighted on the question that they think it better that they should not. I feel ashamed to speak of the urgency that has been necessary to get our Education Department to make the slightest concession in favour of teaching the Highlander to read his own language, although it may be very true that the narrowness exists elsewhere, where it might less reasonably be expected.

I have said already that the language of Carsewell is similar to that of the Book of Deer and the Book of the Dean of Lismore. It is written in the purely Irish orthography, and printed in the Roman letter. As there was only one perfect copy in existence, I issued, a few years ago, a new edition of it, the remaining copies of which are in the hands of Mr Noble, publisher, in Inverness. I need not remind you of its value in discussing the Ossianic question, from the reference in the introduction to the heroes of the Ossianic period, as we may call it. Let me add, with reference to the three books of which I have been speaking—the Book of Deer, the Dean of Lismore's Book, and Carsewell's Liturgy—that they have been really added to our Celtic literature within the last twenty years. Their existence was known, except in the case of the first, but they were almost totally inaccessible even to scholars.

Coming down to a later period, there are remnants of religious literature belonging to the seventeenth century still extant. We have Calvin's Catechism in Gaelic, though sufficiently rare, and we have the Psalter translated both by Kirk of Balquhidder and by the Synod of Argyle. Then we have the Irish Bible of Bedel, printed in Roman letters, for the use of the Highlanders, and edited by Kirk—a curious relic. It is not so very long since this Bible was in use in some Highland churches, although previously to the translation by the Stewarts and others, the general practice among readers was for each to translate for himself; and curious work they made of it sometimes. I have heard of one worthy man translating "and they were astonished," and making it, "*Bha iad air an clachadh*" (they were stoned).

The eighteenth century was less prolific than the former in secular Gaelic poetry, or I should perhaps say that there was less of it preserved. There was no Dean of Lismore to record and transmit the floating literature of the period. But there is one notable exception in the songs of Eoin Manntach, often called Eoin Lom, the Jacobite, or rather the Carlist, bard of the period. If there was much such poetry as John Macdonell's at the time, it is a pity that so little of it has been preserved. It is fierce enough, no doubt, but it has wonderful power. His "Mort na Ceapaich," or The Keppoch Murder, is a remarkable appeal on behalf of the murdered boys, and one that helped in securing ample vengeance on their cruel destroyers. It was a black day for the "Clann Dughail" of Keppoch that stammering John sung their misdeeds.

The eighteenth century produced a much larger amount of Gaelic literature than its predecessor. The earlier relics are found in Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, published in 1707, and occur in poems laudatory of Mr Lhuyd and his efforts to promote Celtic literature. The first of these is by "Aindra Mac Ghileoin Fear a Chnuic an Tiridhe, mac Easbuig Earraghæil"; the second is by "Roibert Caimbeil Fear Faraiste Mhic

Chailin an Comhal," Argyle's forrester, probably ; the third is by "Eoin Mac Ghilleoin minisdir an t-soisgeil ann an eaglais Chillnaoinein am Muile." Another is by "Semus Mac Mhuir, sagart Chill Daltan." Some of them are written in the Roman, and some in the Irish character. These interesting remnants are little known, but they serve to show that there were enthusiastic lovers of the Celtic language and Celtic literature long before our day, and that there were men of sufficient literary information and culture in the islands of Tyree and Mull 180 years ago, to know and to appreciate what the great Welsh scholar was doing in the general Celtic field.

But the great products of the eighteenth century were—first, the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic, and then the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian* ; in the former case a translation into Gaelic, in the latter, a translation into English. It is needless, in a summary like this, to say anything of these great works. The Gaelic Bible has been an incomparable blessing to the Highlands. Education and civilization have followed in its footsteps. Of Macpherson's work, one thing can be said, that it awakened the interest of the civilized world in the literature of the Scottish Celt, and that to it is due much of the place which that literature even now holds in the minds of educated men ; without entering here on the question of its genuineness—granting even that it was Macpherson's own, it was a rare contribution to the literature of the race, and might well rouse the jealousy of that type of Englishman represented by Johnson, who can believe in nothing but what is of the Anglo-Saxon, a man who, according to Matthew Arnold, owes most of the life and fire that is in him to the Celtic blood that flows in his veins. A Celt may be allowed to say this, when he has to listen patiently to so much that is said in the other direction.

Secular poetry flourished in the eighteenth century. Beginning with Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair, or Alexander Macdonald, son of Alexander, minister of Sleat, we have during the period, besides him, Duncan Macintyre of Glenorchy, or Donnachadh Bàn nan Oran, as he was called : Robert Mackay, or, more accurately, Calder, usually called Rob Donn ; Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, and John Roy Stewart, son to the Baron of Kincardine. Few men composed more vigorously, or with more poetic fire, than this last, a scion of an old family, and a native of the valley of the Spey. Music and poetry appear to have met and flourished in this great and romantic Highland strath. There were others besides, many of them represented in Gillies' collection of Gaelic poetry, published in 1786. This period was that of the great Celtic revival in some senses. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had directed the attention of the nation to the Scottish Highlands—discussions on them in Parliament were frequent ; the Highland dress was prohibited, and afterwards restored ; and much occurred which, while it destroyed many of the ancient national characteristics, served to invest other Highland objects with a new and commanding interest.

The nineteenth century has been the age of Gaelic grammars and dictionaries. It has been a time of gathering, arranging, and garnering, more than anything else. And it has been the most productive age of any. Four important dictionaries have appeared—the Highland Society's,

Armstrong's, Macleod & Dewar's, and Macalpine's—all good, and yet not complete. We have need yet of a dictionary that would carry students through an ancient M.S., and one that would aid them in recovering the obsolete words in our topography. Then we have had several grammars, beginning with the best, that of Dr Stewart; we have numerous translations and re-publications, with several magazines, the chief of which was the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*, now alas defunct; as is also the *Gael*. We hope the *Celtic Magazine* may long flourish. We have Mr J. F. Campbell's admirable collections, and, without enumerating all, we have, finally, the prospect of a Celtic Chair, for which Scottish Celts owe so much to Professor Blackie, and which is likely to signalize the century as one taking a first place in relation to the cultivation of Celtic literature.

And now for a glimpse of the Irish field. The best summary of Irish literature is found in O'Curry's Lectures. These were written and delivered by the author as professor of Irish History and Archaeology in the Catholic University of Dublin. O'Curry was an excellent Irish scholar, and although Mr Whitley Stokes, that distinguished expounder of the Celtic tongues, has found some openings in his armour, he and O'Donovan were the real pioneers of Irish scholarship, and deserve the thanks of the race. O'Curry's edition of the Brehon laws is itself a wonder of learning and labour from a man who had not much general scholarship.

The most important part of the Celtic literature of Ireland is unquestionably the Historical Annals. The principal of these are—The Annals of Tighernach, the Annals of Innisfallen, the Annals of Loch Cé, and the Annals of the Four Masters. The last of these, as edited by John O'Donovan, is a work of great merit and of deep historical interest. These Annals are of value to us because they shed light on much of our national history. I had a remarkable instance of this lately, and of the need there is of an accurate reading of them. There is, in the Annals of Tighernach, an entry to this effect, under the date of 638 (you will mark the date, for the Annals go back to 563):—“*Cath glinne Mairison in quo Muinntir Domhnaill brice do teiched; et ob sessio Etain.*” It is, as usual, a curious mixture of Gaelic and Latin. Dr Reeves, in commenting on this passage, says of it—“That the scene of the battle was not Glenmorrison, on Loch Ness, but a tract in West Lothian, with Etain representing Carriden.” The entry runs in English, “The battle of Glenmorrison, in which the men of Donald Breac (the Scottish King) retreated; and the siege of Etain.” Why this should be understood as not being the real Glenmoriston I cannot comprehend. The difficulty would probably be with the Etain and its siege. But is not Urchadain in the near neighbourhood of Glenmoriston, with its ancient castle, as likely to be meant as Carriden in Lothian? And not only so, but everything goes to shew that it was meant. There was war between Donald and the northern Picts, and tradition has carried down the account of a great battle near the Castle of Urquhart, or *Urchadain*. The whole scene is described, the retreat of the Scots westward, their defeat, and the graves of the dead are pointed out to this day at the foot of Glenmoriston. The entry is simply “The battle of Glenmorrison, in which Donald Breac was defeated, and the siege of Urquhart Castle.” There is not a line of

writing, or a breath of tradition, to connect this battle with the Lothians. Here, then, is light thrown upon an interesting event in Scottish History so far back as the year 638, and that event recorded to this day in the traditional history of the locality where it took place. This tradition has lived for 1240 years. The record is Irish.

In addition to the Annals, the Irish have genealogies and pedigrees carrying us back in some instances to the flood, and in some further. The very ancient part of these is no doubt imaginary, but in modern entries there is reason to hold them authentic. It is interesting to observe that through the Royal Families of Scotland and Ireland Her Majesty Queen Victoria can be traced back to Adam. I presume the same could be done for most of us, though the individual steps could not be so readily identified. Miliadh of Spain, who gave his name to the Milesian race, is an important person in these genealogies, and with him are Eber, and Heremon, and Ir, with all their succeeding branches. These genealogies were well known in the Highlands, and appear in the compositions of many of the Gaelic bards.

In addition to these are the old historical tales. These are numerous, containing such stories as the "Tain bo Cuailgne," or the Cattle-spoil of Coloone ; the story of Darthula, connected with Scotland ; the death of the children of Lir, and many others. It is remarkable that such folklore as has been collected in the Highlands in the "Sgeulachdan," or Tales by Mr J. F. Campbell, and which are so like Grimm's stories from the German, and Dasent's Norse Tales, do not appear among the Irish.

The Irish MS. remains are remarkable, and indicate an immense literary activity at an early period. Some of these, such as "Leabhar na h-Uidhre," or the Book of the Dun cow, and the "Leabhar Breac," or the Spotted Book, have been published in lithograph, by the Royal Irish Academy, and form a valuable addition to our accessible Celtic literature. MSS. have also been discovered in continental libraries, especially in those of St Gall and Bobbio, and they have formed the materials from which J. C. Zeuss has compiled his famous Celtic grammar. Zeuss gives the date of these MSS. as the eighth or ninth century. The Gaelic portion of them is, for the most part, made up of marginal glosses on Latin writings. Besides the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr Whitley Stokes has published some of the ancient Irish literary remains, with comments worthy of that great Celtic scholar.

The poetical remains of Ireland are full of interest. For an account of them I refer you to Edward O'Reilly's account of nearly 400 Irish writers, published for the Dublin Iberno-Celtic Society in 1820. It is a remarkable enumeration, beginning with Amergin, son of Golamh, usually called Miliadh of Spain, who flourished in anno Mundi 2935. Much of the poetry referred to is, however, within historic times, and several of the bards appear in the Dean of Lismore's collection.

My space does not allow of my referring to the Irish Ossianic remains, or to grammars and dictionaries, but they exist abundantly, and the publications of the Ossianic Society are well worthy of perusal. O'Donovan's grammar is a model.

I should now bring you to the Isle of Man, where a dialect of the Gaelic is still spoken. The principal work in this language is the trans-

lation of the Bible, begun by Bishop Wilson in 1722, and finished under the supervision of Dr Moore and Dr Kelly, in 1772. The orthography is phonetic. In addition to the Scriptures, we have Kelly's Grammar and his Dictionary, edited so well by the Rev. Mr Gill of Malew, and then the Prayer-Book, and numerous Hymns, which are extensively sung by the people, who are mostly Wesleyan Methodists.

I must now give a brief survey of the Cymric, Cornish, and Breton literature. The former is the most abundant, going back to the days of Aneurin, Merddin, and Taliesin, the ancient Cymric bards. According to Mr Stephens, who has given an excellent account of the Welsh literature of the period, the bards who flourished in the sixth century were Anuerin, Taliesin, Llywarch, Myrddin, Kian, Talhaiarn, Meugant, and Kynryd.

The poetry of Llywarch Hen, or the aged, is chiefly of the mournful cast. No man can read it alongside of our ancient Fingalian lays without being struck with their resemblance in this respect. Ossian was a desolate, melancholy old man—his friends were all dead. "Ossian an déigh na Feinn," Ossian after the Fingalians, is itself a very volume of pathetic lamentation. Llywarch says, as quoted by Stephens, "The hall of Kynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without songs, tears afflict the cheeks." Does this resemblance help to decide the era of Ossian? If so, then the Gaelic bard was of the sixth century, provided the era of the British bard is accurately fixed. This peculiarity might have distinguished the bardism of the period. Anuerin is the author of the famous Welsh poem called the "Gododin." There has been as much controversy about the poems of Wales at least as about those of the Scottish Highlands, but Stephens thinks that this poem refers to an attack by the ancient Ottadini on a Roman town called Cattaeth, now called Catterick, in Yorkshire. There are fragments of the compositions of Taliesin, and fuller still of those of Merddin. Down from their age to the present the roll of names enlarges, including such names as Meilyr, bard to Gruffydd ab Kynan, in the eleventh century; Gwalchmai, author of an ode on the battle *Tal y Moelvre*, in the twelfth century; Owain Kyveiliog, a prince and a poet, Howel ab Owain, also a poet of princely rank, both of the twelfth century; Kynddelu and Llywarch ab Llewelyn, Gruffydd ab Meredydd, Trahaiarn Bydydd Mawr, down to modern times, when they count by scores. One has only to attend a Welsh *Eisteddfod*, to see to what an extent native poetry is cultivated among the descendants of the ancient British, and to what an extent it is encouraged by all classes of the people. It would be impossible to give here anything like an adequate account of Welsh literature, both prose and poetry. In the former we have the laws of Howel Dda of the tenth century, which threw so much light on the early social state of Wales, and make such minute arrangements for regulating the affairs of men's households. We have in the latter, the Friads, chiefly historical poems in a peculiar rhyme, of various periods; we have the four books of Wales—the Black Book of Carmarthen, the Book of Anuerin, the Book of Taliesin, and the Red Book of Hergest, recently translated and edited by Mr Skene, and forming a valuable addition to Celtic literature; we have the Mabinogion, or Juvenile tales, intended for the amusement of young chieftains, translated and edited by Lady Charlotte Guest, and forming a remarkable collection of

stories of different kinds and ages. They bear the closest resemblance of anything in Celtic literature to the tales collected and edited with so much care and skill by Mr John F. Campbell. But not referring to numerous other prose works, including the *Myrryrian Archaeology*, the *Iolo MSS.*, dictionaries, grammars, numerous newspapers, and even an *Encyclopedia*, I have but to observe that the religious literature of Wales is voluminous. The Welsh have an admirable translation of the *Scriptures*, and numerous valuable works expounding them. Some of these expository religious works are excellent in the conception and execution, indicating extensive learning, and much zeal and earnestness. The Welsh are a religious people, and show the deepest respect for everything associated with the maintenance and promotion of earnest religion.

There is one thing very markedly characteristic of our Welsh brethren, they are not ashamed of their mother tongue, and use it almost universally. Several of the Members of Parliament for Wales can address their constituents in their native tongue with eloquence and effect. I doubt if there be more than one—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, the excellent member for the Inverness burghs—who can open his mouth in *Gaelic*, of all our Highland representatives. Then every Welshman can read his own tongue, chiefly as the fruit of Sabbath school teaching. I do not by any means go so far as the old Welsh lady whom I once addressed in English, because I could do nothing else at the time, and who replied with great emphasis “I hate that language.” But I maintain, without shame or fear, that every Highlander should know to read his own tongue, and to read it correctly, and that men who profess to be learned, in which class I include Highland students and Highland ministers, should do more than learn to read it, and they will find that it will not hinder, but help, their other scholarship to study with care the tongue of their Celtic forefathers, many of them as good men as they are at least. The Welsh set us a good example in this respect.

I should now say a few words on the literature of Cornwall. The language is dead. The old lady, Dolly Pendraeth, who spoke it last, is dead for more than a hundred years, and with her last breath departed the last breath of the ancient tongue of South-west Britain. The remains are not many, and are chiefly ecclesiastical, if we except the existing topography. One very interesting volume has been edited by Mr Whitley Stokes, that foremost of Celtic scholars, called *Gwreanus an Bys*, the Creation of the World, and is styled a Cornish mystery. It is one of those ecclesiastical dramas common in the middle ages, dramatising the whole events related in the early chapters of *Genesis*. It furnished admirable specimens of the language as it once existed, and the work is edited with great care. Edward Lluyd gives us a short grammar of the Cornish. A previous publication, also re-edited by Mr Whitley Stokes, and called Mount Calvary, has appeared. It is an account of the Crucifixion. Since the publication of these, four other dramas of a similar kind found in MS. in the Bodleian library at Oxfcrd, and published by Mr Edwin Norris, have made a large and valuable addition to the literature of Cornwall. Mr Norris has added a Cornish grammar, and the publication of these works has led to the compilation of the admirable *Lexicon Cornu-Brittanicum* of the Rev. Robert Williams. The spoken

Cornish is dead, but the language is now saved for all the purposes of Celtic scholarship. Other publications are promised as forthcoming.

In Brittany the amount of native literature is not great. The language, called Breton, is spoken by nearly a million of people, but the literature was long almost confined to traditional poetry. In recent times the translation of the Scriptures led to a revived interest in the language, and we have now no less than three versions of the New Testament in Breton. The name of Legonnidec is famous in connection with this literature, and his dictionary is a remarkable fruit of skill and industry. The edition of it by the Count de Villimarcque is our best dictionary of the language. I have seen, of Breton publications several grammars, the Barzaz Breiz of Villemarqué, a collection of Breton poetry, several tracts on religious subjects, a life of St Nonne, and the Roman Catholic Missal in Latin and Breton. To one who knows Latin the latter is very helpful in studying this ancient language. There are several other works, especially vocabularies; and sin mysteries, as they are called, in Breton verse upon "Calvary," not unlike the Cornish "Calvary" in some respects. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the authenticity of Villemarqué's Barzaz-Breiz. He has been accused of taking the same liberty with the poetry of Brittany that Macpherson took with that of the Highlands. Be that as it may, the poems are there, and present us with excellent specimens of the Breton language.

I think I have now made out the object with which I started. I have shown you that Celtic literature occupies a far wider field than we are prone to attribute to it. It is not confined to the limits of the Scottish Highlands, and their off-shoot population in the British Colonies.

What has been done for the race might well be referred to. Zeuss, and Dissenbach, and Ebel, and Windisch Glüek, and Ebrard, in Germany, well deserve the deepest acknowledgments from us; and in France such names as Pictet, Arbois de Jubanville, Renan, Henri Gaidoz, and others, stand prominently forward; while Italy furnishes one noble Celtic scholar in the Chevalier de Nigra, the editor of the Turin Glosses. The publication of the *Revue Celtique* in Paris is a phenomenon in the firmament of Celtic studies. Men will find dissertations there on Celtic subjects worthy of the highest scholarship.

Such lectures as the two delivered by Professor Geddes of Aberdeen to his students, show what is to be reaped in this new field of research of Celtic literature, and if he to whom the language is foreign could do so much, what might not be expected of native Celts to whom the mere acquisition of the language is a matter of no difficulty.

I would caution my fellow-students against the extreme Celtism in which some of them are prone to indulge, and which has exposed us to a measure of ridicule, as if there were nothing good outside of the Celts—as if a man being a Highlander were a sufficient certificate of character. I believe that there is much in the Celtic language and literature worthy of study, and capable of conveying valuable instruction, and I believe further, that Celts are just as good as other men, and that they will suffer nothing by comparison with their Anglo-Saxon, or rather Celto-Saxon (for Anglo-Saxon is nonsense), neighbours; and in so far as language is concerned we beat them, for many of us have two, while they have only one.

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CLACH-NA-CUDAIN.

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[Mr Allan, when sending us this lyric, writes:—"The idea of 'Clachnaudain' I took from an incident that came under my notice when in America: a Mr Macgillivray, belonging to Inverness, was an acquaintance of mine there, and he lived so full of longings to get 'back again,' that he was virtually dying."]

O, dear Clach-na-cudain ! I ne'er will forget thee,
 Tho' far from thy beauties which cling to my heart ;
 Thy bright, happy memories ever beset me,
 And from my lone bosom will never depart.
 Sad, sad was the light of that cold-dawning morrow,
 And cruel the hour of the parting I knew ;
 My soul was o'erladen with anguish and sorrow,
 I could not bid dear Clach-na-cudain adieu !

O ! the old Highland love in my bosom is burning,
 And cheering my home in the wilds of the West ;
 I sing the old songs, and the wish of returning
 Arises, 'mid tears of despair, in my breast :
 When o'er the far prairies the thunder-cloud gathers,
 Or hurricanes rush thro' the forests with glee,
 My thoughts wander back to the home of my fathers—
 I long near my loved Clach-na-cudain to be.

My sweet Clach-na-cudain ! far dearer than ever,
 I long, O ! long to behold thee once more ;
 I see in my dreamings thy clear flowing river,
 And hear, with emotion, the voices of yore :
 I wake ! but I see not the dark-waving heather,
 Nor green Tomnahurich, where slumbers my kin,
 I see not the mountains where gloomy clouds gather,
 I see not my own Clach-na-cudain again.

Ah ! here are no glens, nor blue mountains entralling,
 No fields whereon Tyranny found but a grave ;
 No sweet-singing burnies, no gloaming's soft falling,
 No old ruined castles that tell of the brave.
 Tho' Fortune smiles on me it never can cheer me,
 Home cannot be home to the heart without joy ;
 One wish,—when I go to the home of the weary,
 Fain, fain near my dear Clach-na-cudain I'd lie.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS.—

We are glad to learn that Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, has in the press a work entitled "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands." The sources from which these tales have been drawn, and the authorities responsible for the versions given, afford a guarantee that the book will not only be entertaining but historically valuable.—*Highlander*.

JOHN MACCODRUM.

II.

SATIRES—(*Continued*).

ANOTHER specimen of the bantering style which MacCodrum adopted towards females is contained in some lines that may be styled "Gearain air a mhnaoi," in which he indulges in a series of real or pretended complaints against his wife, for her mismanagement of those domestic matters in which he himself was more personally interested :—

1.

'S eiginn domh 'n t-anart
A cheannach gu loine,
Dheoin na dh' eiginn,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

2.

'S eiginn domh rithist
Dhoi an iochd na cloinn nighean,
A dh' iarraidh a' nighe,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

3.

Cha bheag a chuis anntlachd,
'S gun mi gann de na caoich,
A' bhi ceannach an aodaich,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

4.

Ge beag e r'a radh,
Tha e nár leam air uairibh
'Bhi air faighe 'n t-smath-fhuraigheil
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

1.

I must buy the linen
For making my shirts,
Whether I wish it or not,
Though my wife lives.

2.

I must again
Implore the young girls
To wash them for me,
Though my wife lives.

3.

'Tis no small annoyance,
Having plenty of sheep,
To be buying my clothing,
Though my wife lives.

4.

Though 'tis trifling to mention,
I am sometimes ashamed
To be begging for sewing thread,
Though my wife lives.

It may seem to the modern reader unreasonable on the part of the poet to expect that linen for his shirts, or thread to sew them with, could be had without the buying, but it must be borne in mind that in those days the manufacture of linen cloth and sewing thread from the home-raised flax was part of the domestic economy of a well regulated Highland household. In these, as in other respects, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis*.

Another effusion of the same class, but of which only a fragment has come into our possession, is "Oran nan Taillearan." That indispensable, but by the Highland bards, much maligned profession, seem to have received some good-natured castigation from the keen edge of John MacCodrum's wit. It might be interesting to guess how the "Knights of the Needle" came to be, in the Highlands especially, the objects of what is certainly an unreasonable contempt. The natural history of this dogma of prejudice seems to be, that in those days when war was the normal state of society in the land of the Gael, and when the chase was the chief occupation in times of peace, every man entitled to the name would require to lead the life of a hunter and warrior, and so the tailor's trade, which called for no extraordinary power of muscle, would, in all probability, be relegated to

those to whom nature had denied the physical qualities of manliness. If there happened to be a sickly, lame, or otherwise deformed boy in a family, to him would be committed the charge of making clothes for the community—a task which, in those days, would need but very slender artistic powers for its adequate performance. It thus came about that the tailor became typical of those qualities of physical weakness which the half-civilized man in every country despises, and the traditional notions which have invested the tailor with something like contempt have survived the causes which were their origin, so that the saying still remains—

Cha bu duine taillear,
Cha bu duine dha dhiubh,
Chuireadh a fitheach le crag,
Da fhichead 'sa dha dhiubh.

A tailor is no man.
Nor are two of them equal to one;
A raven would throw over a rock
Forty and-two of them.

The history of "Oran nan Taillearan" has been somewhat misrepresented by the Editor of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" (p. 142), and consequently by Professor Blackie, who seems to have drawn upon MacKenzie for the facts in the biographical portion of his recent work on the "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlanders" (p. 138). The internal evidence of the song itself shows that John's state of raggedness was the immediate cause of its composition, and not the result of it, as has been stated by the authorities alluded to. Owing to the lack of attention paid to his repeated demands for their services by his several sartorial acquaintances, John became rather out-at-elbows, and in "Oran nan Taillearan" complains of their conduct, and, as a class, holds them up to derision. Dean Swift's description of satire, as being a glass in which the beholder saw every man's face but his own, does not hold good in Gaelic. The satires of the Highland poets possess the genuine quicksilver of personality, and their objects had no difficulty in recognising their own reflection, however exaggerated and distorted. In the happy days when the law of libel was but a possibility of the future, poets never hesitated to give the names and surnames of the object of attack. This is the case in MacCodrum's "Oran nan Taillearan." The following verse is a specimen of how he deals individually with the several objects of his animadversion :—

Labhair mi ri Mac-a-Phiceir,
'Se ghealladh tric a Starnich mi ;
Gheall e'm bladhna, gheall e'n uiridh ;
Dh'fhuirich e 's cha d'thainig e :
" Cha dean mi tuilleadh briodail riut,
Bho'n tha mi sgith dhe t' abhartan ;
Gur truagh nach d' rinn iad griasaich
dhiot
'S gu'm bi'dh na breugan nadurra."

I spoke to Mac Vicar
His promise often wearied me,
He promised this year and last ;
He stayed away and came not.
" I'll no longer dally with you,
I am tired of your tricks ;
'Tis a pity you weren't a shoemaker,
Then your lying would be natural."

"Aoir Dhomb'ull Fhriseil" was composed to an unruly and somewhat dishonest neighbour of the bard, whom he clearly did not love as himself. Quarrels seem to have been frequent between them, in which, however, the poet had the advantage in the gift of rhyme, and in the "Aoir" makes no secret of the heartiness of his antipathy. He believes his own feelings of aversion towards the subject of his lampoon were shared by many others, for at the end of the first verse he says, that in the event of *Domh'ull Fhriseal's* death—

'S iomadh aon le 'm beag thu
Theid g ad gheasadh do 'n a chill. | Many a man that hates **you**
Will hasten with thee to the grave.

Then he goes on in the second place to tell with what officious alacrity he himself would aid at the funeral obsequies of his *quasi* departed enemy—

Chuirion fhin sac urach ort,
Nach giulaineadh do dhruim ;
'S cluirinn clach a bharrachd ort,
A dh' earlas nan clic ;
Cha chuireadh seirreach ghearran
Aon char dhi aig a' meud,
'S bu mhaithe an carnan molachd i
'N am bie dh de chron orr' sgriocht.

Of the sense of the above we may just give an outline for our English readers :—

I would place a sack of earth o'er thee
That your back could never bear.
And an extra stone o'er thy grave
In case of your trying to rise ;
A team of horses would not be able
To move it from its place ;
'Twould be an excellent cairn of malediction
Were your evil actions written on it.

Surely Dr Johnson's love for a good hater would find ample satisfaction in the above.

In the "Comhlstri" * a graphic picture is drawn of a fight between two men (*Am Frisealach's am Baideanach*), whose meeting on all occasions led to an encounter which, although limited to themselves, and not conducted on the strict principles of duelling, yet always proved of the most sanguinary nature. The following verse illustrates, to the poet's mode of thinking, the influence which the mutual abjurations of the impious pair had in attracting the demons of the nether world, and the interest taken in their proceedings by the Prince of the Power of Darkness :—

Bha Uidhist air a narachadh ;	Uist was disgraced ;
Bha Iutharn air a fasachadh,	Hell was made a wilderness,
Le guidbeathan na caraid ud ;	By the curses of that pair ;
Bha ioghnadh air an Abharsair ;	The Devil was surprised
Bu neonach leis nach d' thainig iad.	He wondered they did not come.

On the whole, however, the poems which afford the best idea of MacCodrum's satirical vein are still to be mentioned. They are three in number—"Oran na Teasaich," "Oran a bhonn-a-sia," and "Di-moladh piob Dhomhuill bhain."

"An Teasach" † is not, strictly speaking, a satire, but it is satirical in its tendency, and comes more within the scope of the class under consideration than of any of the other classes into which we have divided MacCodrum's poetry. The burden of it is an exceedingly felicitous description of his own wild and fitful fancies while lying sick of a fever, and his forlorn condition during the period of convalescence. The presiding genius of his visions is an imaginary old woman to whose baneful influence he ascribes the disturbing thoughts which flit across his brain :—

* See "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 150.
† "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 156.

Chuir i boil 'nam cheann 'a bu mhor i,
 'Faicinn dhaoine marbh 'us bheotha,
 Coitcas Hector mor na Troidhe,
 'S nan gaigeach a bha 'm feachd na Roimhe.
 Cailleach dhuath-sach chrom chiar,
 Bha län tusileis 'us bhiag,
 Chuir mi 'n bruailein 'gach iall,
 'S chuir i 'n fuadach mo chiall.

She filled my brain with mad fancies :
 I saw dead and living men,
 The appearance of great Hector of Troy,
 And the heroes of the Roman army.
 A gloomy, dusky, crooked carlin,
 Full of illusions and lies ;
 She surrounded me with visions,
 And chased away my reason.

The condition into which the fever brought him he describes very happily, and the whole composition is so uniformly excellent, in its originality of conception, as well as graphic touches, that it must be read through in order to be appreciated. As a masterpiece of its kind, it may be placed side by side with Burns' "Address to the Toothache."

The history of "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" was as follows :—A Skye drover, known to tradition as *Ruairi Bhorlum*, had occasion once to ferry cattle from Loch Ephort, in North Uist, across the Minch, to his native Island. Among others, the bard, whose body was known to be as vigorous as his mind, was called upon to give his assistance in shipping the live stock, and when all was over received, as the reward of his labours, what, in the uncertain light of eve, John's happy imagination took to be a guinea. He describes in the song the elaborately polite manner in which he thanked the generous donor, and how one of the company was at once despatched to the inn at Carinish in order to have some of the newly-got gold dissolved into mountain dew. But, alas ! when the supposed guinea was produced to be changed, it turned out to be a base half-penny. The song is founded upon what seemed to be the drover's niggardliness, but the details were probably wrought out by the poet's imagination. The following are the first verse and chorus :—

Soraidh slan do'n duin' usal
 Thug dhomb 'n dusis nach robh miothar,
 'N deigh 'a do'n gheirn dol na suidhe,
 'S greis air tigheann de 'n oidhche ;
 Gus 'n do ralaig mi 'n teine
 Mo chridhe mire ri m' inttin,
 Ann an duil gur e guinea,
 A rinn an duine dhomh shineadh.

Haoi o haori horo thall,
 Haoi o haori horo thall,
 Haoi o haori horo thall,
 Cha cheil mi air cach,
 Nach eil am beuds leam gann.

Farewell to the gentleman
 Who gave the gift that was handsome,
 After the sun had set,
 And part of the night was past.
 Till I reached the fire
 My heart rejoiced within me,
 In the thought that it was a guinea,
 Which the man presented to me.

Haoi o haori horo thall,
 Haoi o haori horo thall,
 Haoi o haori horo thall,
 I'll not conceal from others
 That my reward is scanty.

The whole transaction, as an occasion for the exercise of his wit, was prized by John more than many guineas, and it is in that light, and not as the expression of malevolence, that the composition ought to be considered. The song, however, gave rather general offence in Skye, both to the subject of it and his friends. For this the author seems to have been sorry, for on singing it in company on one occasion, and hearing his audience burst into peals of laughter, he composed a supplementary verse, in which he hints that the darkness of the night might have been the cause of the mistake. Poor Ruairi, whether the smallness of the donation sprang from want of light or lack of heart, must have often wished that his feelings had been spared even at the expense of his purse.

The satire on the bagpipes, "Di-moladh piob Dhomh'uill Bhàin," is, on

the whole, the most laughable thing he has produced—perhaps the most ludicrous poem in the language. “Aoir Uisdein phiobair,” by Macintyre, although possessing a sledge-hammer power of abuse, is coarse, and contains only one verse of really genuine humour :—

‘N an cluinneadh sibh muc a’ rucail, &c.

The humour of MacCodrum’s satire is sustained throughout, and the sallies of wit are more directed against the bagpipes than the individual who blew it. Some one composed a song in praise of *Domh’ull Bán’s* pagpipe-playing, and John, esteeming the eulogy ridiculously misapplied, satirized what the other lauded, and blamed the would-be poet for choosing such a subject, when there were minstrels like MacCruimmein and others, of whom any bard might be proud to sing. Over their praises he himself waxes enthusiastic, and descends in the happiest style to the consideration of *Domh’ull Bán’s* musical talents, and the history of his bagpipes. That history he traces in an imaginative way through all the vicissitudes of its fortune, from the days of Tubal Cain, through the disasters of the deluge, the damaging treatment of it by incompetent players, down to his own day, and mentions, in passing, the injurious effect which their attempts to blow it had upon the strength of two of the Fingalian heroes, Diarmad and Goll. He compares its strains to some of the most discordant sounds in nature; speaks of it as a trump whose horrid music might rouse every Judas that ever died, and uses a multiplicity of illustrations to describe its want of melody, which it would take too much space to mention. The following verse may serve to illustrate its general tenor :—

Turraraich an dolais
Bha greis aig Iain og dh’ i.
Chosg i rifeidean conlaich
'Na chomhradh le ni.
Bha i corr a 's seachd bliadhna
Na h-atharrais bhialain
Aig MacEachain 'g a riasladh
Air slabbh Chnoc-a-linn.
An fhiudhaidh shean
Nach duisg gean.
Gnus nach glan comhdach :
'S maig do 'm bu leanan
A chrannalach dheonaidh.
Chuite' grán eorna
Leis na dh' fhoghnadh dhi ghaioith.

The substance of the above verse is that this musical instrument of woe-ful sounds was for some time in the possession of a John Og, who spent of oaten reeds upon it what would help to feed his cattle. MacEachain, from Cnoc-a-linn also tortured it for seven years. Finally, he expresses pity for any one who has to play it, for it takes as much wind to blow it as would winnow a heap of barley grain.

This concludes MacCodrum’s satires. I may be pardoned for having spent so much time over them, for I believe they are very characteristic of the man, and undoubtedly possess great merit, containing, perhaps, more abundant strokes of genuine humour than any others in the language. We shall next proceed to take up those poems by MacCodrum which are ethical in their aim and spirit.

A. M'D.

Correspondence.

DR CLERK OF KILMALLIE AND SIR ALAN CAMERON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The proverbially lethargic spirit of the Reverend Dr Clerk has been aroused to addressing a long letter to the *Inverness Courier* (2d inst) on two subjects, one of which, "The Life of Sir Alan Cameron, 79th Regt.," appeared in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* two years ago (1876), and the other, the disputed title of "Dr Norman Macleod of St Columba to the authorship of the Gaelic Dictionary," some months ago.

I am not about to support the statement in the biography of Mr MacPhun, the bookseller of Glasgow, that the Macfarlanes were the real authors of that compilation, which allegation was inadvertently copied into the *Celtic Magazine*, but I may observe that better taste would have accepted the explanation submitted by the Editor of the Magazine, rather than Dr Clerk's present resuscitated refutation in ponderous paragraphs. My business, however, is not with this subject, but, as the writer of the biography of Sir Alan Cameron, to reply to the charges the reverend doctor lays against me in that letter to the effect that "in my very imperfect life of Sir Alan, I bespatter without intelligible cause, and gratuitously deprecate the services of the late Colonel John Cameron, 92d Regt., and also misrepresent some inaccuracies committed by myself (Dr Clerk) in the unpretending memoir of the gallant Colonel." As it was in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* the biography of Sir Alan Cameron first appeared, I would beg the favour of space in it to reply to the accusations of the reverend gentleman, in the belief that I am able to qualify them in a material degree.

When I was privileged to give that sketch of Sir Alan's life, I commenced by admitting in the following sentence the scanty materials furnished to proceed with:—

The details of the life and public services of this gallant officer, now to be submitted, are partly from oral information collected at intervals, and partly from documents received, and which, although imperfect, is hoped may be acceptable even at this distance since the lifetime of the subject. The absence of adequate notice of Sir Alan Cameron's services may be ascribed to his own reticence, and aversion to ostentatious publicity, as instanced by General Stewart of Garth and Sir John Phillipart.

Having thus at the outset of my attempt to write that biography, made the admission in the foregoing, I think the reverend critic might have spared his sneer at its imperfections—it was at any rate truthful. As to depreciating Colonel Cameron's actions, let the following extracts from my biography disprove the accusation. Referring to the operations at Almaraz (1812), I state that

General Hill mentioned Colonel Cameron of Fassifern in handsome terms for his gallantry.

Again, when in the Pyrenees—

The 71st and 92d Regiments, at the Pass of Maza, were under the command of the colonel of the latter, and notwithstanding the intrepidity and obstinate bravery with which every inch of ground was disputed by the enemy, the Highlanders eventually maintained their position.

Alluding to the conduct of the Colonel of the 92d at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, the following appears in the biography of Sir Alan Cameron:—

When the Duke ordered the 92d to charge, how they sprung over the ditch and cleared the French from the position.

During the action of the 18th (Waterloo) the regiments in Park's brigade were not so frequently assailed, owing to their position; the 92d, however, was an exception, and that occasion alone was sufficient to immortalize its bravery. It was when one of the foreign corps gave way before a force of several thousands, who, in consequence, came directly in front of the 92d, whose strength did not then exceed three hundred. The regiment formed four deep, and in that compact order advanced until within twenty paces, when it fired a volley, and instantly darted into the heart of the column, in which it became almost invisible.

The two lines from Scott's "Field of Waterloo" are added—

And Cameron in the shock of steel
Fell like the offspring of Lochiel.*

I cannot think that any impartial person will construe the foregoing quotations depreciatory of Colonel Cameron of the 92d Regiment. The asterisk to the above lines directs towards a footnote in the biography, the contents of which were induced, no doubt, from the gross amount of panegyric which runs throughout Dr Clerk's memoir of Colonel John Cameron:—

Note in the Biography

* "Colonel Cameron, 92d Regiment so often distinguished in Wellington's dispatches from Spain" (note to a poem by Sir Walter Scott, 1816). This note must be accepted as more or less figurative, inasmuch, that as a matter of pious fact, Colonel Cameron is not mentioned twice in the Duke's dispatches. The poet must have mistaken him for other general officers of the same name. Half the Peninsular War had been through before the Colonel arrived; and, during the remainder, he was only present at one of the great battles (Vittoria). Arrozo, Molinos, and Maza, gallant actions as they were, and so written of by Napier, yet ranked only as desultory affairs. Absence from the principal engagements was the cause assigned for not including the Colonel of the 92d amongst those who received K.C.B. at the termination of the war (Gurwood, page 883). No officer of the army was more ambitious respecting his reputation than Colonel John Cameron, and indeed the same might be said of his family. After his death at Quatre Bras, the father applied for a baronetcy, which the Government did not think it gracious to refuse, on receipt of which he erected a monument, and the parish minister was engaged to write a memoir of him. The gallant Colonel has had no lack of posthumous fame. The reverend compiler filled it with needless hyperbole. At page 83, he says, "the author of 'Romance of War' knew the Colonel well." Mr Grant (the author) was not in the flesh till seven years after the Colonel was in his grave. Page 81—the funeral was attended by three thousand persons: and at page 110 he adds, "there lives in our vicinity one of the soldiers who joined the 92d at its embodiment in 1794, and down to 1815 he has been present with it at no fewer than forty-four engagements." If one-half the number in both quotations are relegated to fiction, and the other to fact, the statement will be nearer truth.

Dr Clerk in his letter to the *Courier* (2d May) states that the contents of the above note "bespatters" Colonel John Cameron; if so, it is entirely owing to the fulsome praise with which his "unpretending" memoir bespatters him. But does the statement in the note misrepresent the Colonel? Let the following extracts decide. Colonel Cameron and the 92d are engaged with the enemy at a place named Arriverete. Application was made to Wellington for permission to record it on the colours. Part of the reply is,—

I have no objection if the regiment still desire it. There is no doubt the troops behaved in this affair as they would in any of greater importance, but the result was not of that consequence to have rendered it known to the Army at large. It appears to me beneath the reputation of the 92d Regiment to have to explain for what cause the name of a particular place has been inserted in their colours.

When Colonel Cameron found himself not among the list of general

officers recommended for knighthood, he was much disappointed, and gave vent to his chagrin in a letter to Wellington, who was at the time attending the Congress at Vienna. A portion of the Duke's answer is,—

Not having received orders to recommend medals for *Arrozo, Molinos, Aric, or Arriverete*, it was impossible to recommend you for a medal for your services on these occasions; nor for *Fuentes Donoro*, or the *Pyrenees*; according to the rules I was bound to make out lists.

After reading these extracts from official sources (Gurwood's), surely no one will charge my note with unduly depreciating the services of the gallant Colonel. Dr Clerk states that the Colonel's brother officers erected the monument in his honour; but the following with reference to the monument appears in his memoir, on page 87, which is not quite consistent with that representation:—

The obelisk, which we have referred to, at the commencement of our task (*sic*), was soon raised. The expense, which we believe amounted to £14,000, was borne by Sir Ewen, and with a good understanding between him and the officers of the 92d.

The conflict between the two statements, however, can be settled by the admission of Colonel Mitchell to the Rev. Dr Macintyre of Kilmonivaig that neither the officers nor the men contributed a shilling towards its erection. Dr Clerk, in his recent contribution to the *Courier*, rebuked the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* for admitting articles similar to those, in reference to Colonel Cameron and Dr Norman Macleod, as subversive of universal friendship among Highlanders. A homily of that nature comes well from a divine, and still better if he had always observed the doctrine. Let me look into his "unpretending" memoir of Colonel John Cameron, and, at page 17, he is eulogising the devotion of the clans on the forfeited estates, and those of Lochiel in particular, in the following:—

They paid the Government its rent, and also remitted a second rent faithfully to Lochiel in France. The one they paid in deference to law, the other in deference to feelings and principles.

To that sentence he adds a note in the appendix, in extension of that sentiment, and which is as follows:—

Since going to press we have met with the record of a law plea, in which Lochiel was engaged, regarding a portion of his estate (1792). Amid evidence on various other points, it is deponed that on being restored to his lands in 1784, all the tenants, except two—Maclachlan, *Coruanain*, and Cameron, *Errachd**—voluntarily gave him an increase of rent, and this they did while they held leases from the Crown. It may be added that the reason of Maclachlan not following the general example, was his being a minor, and under trustees.

In this explanatory note the generous Doctor, while applauding the tenantry for their devotion to the chief, "from deference to feelings and principles," finds an excuse for one of the two recusants, but leaves the other at the mercy of silence; but when *two* only were the exceptions to this generous action, why notice them at all? It will scarcely be believed that the reverend notator possessed also the knowledge of the cause which existed at the time for Cameron, Errachd, "not following general example." The fact is, that the law plea to which he refers was between the latter gentleman and Lochiel. If Dr Clerk had included that information, when vouching for the cause of Maclachlan's dissension, exception might not be taken to his appendix; but left as it is, the admirers of the Highland tenantry, on reading of their abnegation, will be apt to condemn Cameron,

* The father of Sir Alan Cameron of the 79th Regiment.

Erracht, as an unsympathetic clansman. In defence of Dr Clerk, friends will inquire, What object could he, a stranger to the district and to the people, have in leaving Cameron, Erracht, to this presumed obloquy ? which will at first sight be concurred in so far as he himself was concerned ; but in leaving the note unfinished, he was only obeying the behests of the gentleman (Sir Duncan Cameron) who engaged him to compile the memoir. And again, what motive could induce Sir Duncan to order it to be so ? Well, it can only be said that the families of Fassifern and Erracht have been at variance from the date of that law plea (1784) down to the time of the disappearance of the last of both, some fifteen years ago. At any rate, the reverend compiler consented to be the medium of "depreciating" the character of Cameron, Erracht, when he was beyond the pale of being able to answer for himself—it was the case of the apothecary in the play. Which of the notes is the most inexcusable—that in Dr Clerk's appendix to the memoir, or that in the biography ? And which of the two is most culpable ?—Dr Clerk, or the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* ? "Honour" would unquestionably reply, The first in both cases ; and "Moral" would add, "First cast the beam out of thine own eye," &c.

THE WRITER OF ERRACHT'S BIOGRAPHY.

—o—

DR ARMSTRONG'S GAELIC DICTIONARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to statements in a recent number of your Magazine, as to the authorship of the above, I send you the following, for which I hope you will find a place :—

Dr Armstrong was born at Dull, on the 5th of February 1788, where his father, at the time of his birth, taught the Parish school. His mother was a native of Dull, and both she and her husband were quite familiar with the Gaelic language, as well as their children, who knew it, as their son Robert did, from their infancy. How the tale got currency, that Dr Armstrong acquired his Gaelic, I do not know. I have heard it myself, and believed it, until better informed.

Subsequently, until his death in 1828, his father taught the parish school of Kenmore ; after which it passed into the hands of his son, still surviving. The Armstrongs were excellent teachers, and few of our parish schools sent so many successful competitors to our Universities as did the school of Kenmore, under the Armstrongs. It was at Kenmore, and under the able instructions of his father, that the future Celtic lexicographer was prepared to enter upon a University course. He studied at St Andrews—not at Aberdeen as your correspondent says—and distinguished himself so much, particularly in Classics, as to obtain special commendation from the late Dr Hunter, professor of Humanity there.

While he is profuse, in the preface to his dictionary, in acknowledging the help of all and sundry, who may have aided him, he never mentions the name of Mr Ewen MacLachlan ;—unaccountable if, as your correspondent says, his dictionary "was mainly the work of MacLachlan." The vocabularies of Shaw, Macfarlane, and Macdonald, he tells us "were of great use to him ; as well as the dictionaries of O'Brian and O'Reilly." He also mentions the names of many others that helped him—especially Dr Mac-

kinnon of Adelphi and Dr Ross of Lochbroom—of whom he says “that their knowledge of every branch of the Celtic language was the least of their acquirements.” How is it, then, that he is so frank in his acknowledgements to these, and silent as to MacLachlan, I cannot explain in any other way, but this, that he had no particular acknowledgments to make to the latter. I am not depreciating Mr MacLachlan. He deserves the encomiums heaped upon him. But Dr Armstrong should also have his due.

Mr MacLachlan's share in the compilation of the Dictionary of the Highland Society is well known. The gentlemen to whom the prosecution of the work was entrusted after his death, do in this respect, ample justice to his memory. But how could they have possessed MacLachlan's manuscript, if, as your correspondent says, he sold it to Armstrong? Besides, the two dictionaries—Armstrong's and the Society's—are so dissimilar in form and structure, as to indicate that, even in germ, they are not the productions of the same author.

After Dr Armstrong had utilized and arranged his materials, and prepared the whole for the press, the house in which he had his manuscripts went on fire, and the whole perished in the flames. Most men would have shrunk from the labour of a second compilation; but, nothing daunted, Armstrong began, *de novo*, and re-produced the whole in the shape in which we now have it. When we consider the labour this involves, and the excellency of the work—which your correspondent justly says is “in many respects the best”—it must be allowed he displays industry and talents of no ordinary kind. The late Marquis of Breadalbane, along with the Duke of Argyle, procured for him one of those Government annuities bestowed on men of literary eminence, and which he enjoyed till the period of his death, which took place in Surrey about ten years ago. Two brothers and a sister still survive. I omitted to mention what is not generally known, that Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary was published some time before that of the Society; and, that at the time of his death, he was making arrangements for a new edition, but which he did not survive to carry out. I have no intention of entering into controversy on these topics. My only object is to state facts, and what I have now said I have on the best authority.

While on this subject of Celtic literature, let me mention the following facts creditable to the Perthshire Highlands. It was at Logierait Manse, while on a visit there with his pupil, the late Lord Lyndoch, that Macpherson showed his first collection of Ossianic poetry to the late Dr Adam Ferguson, who was the first to urge the making of a larger collection of these poems, and to publish them. Dr Ferguson was a son of the Parish minister of Logierait. It was at Fortingall that Dean Macgregor compiled the MSS. of poetry lately given to the world by Dr MacLachlan. Dr Armstrong was born at Dull, and educated at Kenmore. The New Testament was translated by the Stewarts of Killin, and passed through the press by Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch. Dr Smith of Campbeltown, Editor of *Seann Dana*, was a native of Glenorchy, on the borders of Perthshire. Our Gaelic has somewhat deteriorated perhaps; but the labours of these men show what it was. Dr Stewart, author of the Gaelic Grammar, was also a Perthshire man, and minister at Morlin.

—Faithfully yours,

KENMORE.

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

O THA MI SGITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for April, to hand this morning, is a song put to music by "W. M'K.", which revives, very vividly, recollections of upwards of forty years ago to me, when this song, as also another happy ditty ascribed to Currie, were very popular at the foot of Strathnaver, my native place. Verse 4th, however, is awanting, which ran as follows:—

'Nuair thog thus do sheol,
'S e bha bronach mise,
'G amharc as do dheigh,
'Gan do lein' bhi tioram.

There is a typographical error in the third word of the last line of second last verse—supply *o* for *s*.

"Currie" seems to have been an Argyleshire man, and owner of a schooner, with which he regularly came to buy herring, or for cargo, to Glen-dubh during the fishing season there. Bordering the Loch, or somewhere in its vicinity, was a well-to-do farmer, who had two daughters. The eldest was the author of the song, the other one Currie paid his addresses to, and of whom he seems to have been passionately fond, and of which there seems to have been a reciprocation. But the father, as indeed the whole of her family, were averse to their union. *Fear Bàn*, a young man in the neighbourhood, also courted her, and he, it seems, was the idol of the family—

B' annsa mac an t-seoid
Falbh le 'chleoc 's ghunna.

and in an evil hour, during the time that Currie was away, they compelled her to marry the *Fear Bàn*, but he never threw—"Cha robb a shlaint aig lighich"; and the next time that Currie came to the Eilean, he went to see her and found her on her death-bed. He was, however, induced to go to her bed side; at sight of him she grasped his hands, and the next moment she was a corpse. Currie immediately returned to his ship, and ordered anchor to be weighed, and to sail at once for home. His men thought him mad, as no doubt he was; but his orders were peremptory, and had to be complied with, and after clearing out of the loch he took to his bed, and died soon after his arrival at home.

Of his song, which I have not seen in print, I subjoin the chorus and one verse. I think I remember five verses of it, and if "W. M'K." cares for them, I shall be most happy to send them to him.

Chorus— Mo nighean donn thaghainn thu,
Mo roghainn thu na'm faighinn thu,
Mo nighean donn thaghainn thu,
Mo roghainn thu a moran.

Verse—Bho thainig mi do'n tir so,
Cha 'n fhaca mi bean taogaig,
's ann leam is fhad an tiom,
Gus an caidil sion an seomar.

—Yours truly,

20 St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 22d April 1878.

ALEX. MACKAY

A PLEA FOR THE [HIGHLAND] PEASANT.

—o—

We extract the following from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, by Major W. S. Butler. We wish we could have placed the whole article before our readers, written, as it is, in such a fine, manly, and soldier-like style, at the same time exhibiting the true and enlightened spirit of a statesman in the writer:—

That other Celtic race, that soldier breed, whose home was in the rugged mountains north of the Spey, was expiring beneath the remorseless tyranny of a monstrous law—the Highlands of Scotland were being cleared of men. If any stranger, unacquainted with our civilisation, had witnessed the cruel scenes enacted in our Highland glens in the latter half of the last century, and the first years of the present one, he would doubtless have asked in his simplicity, “What have these people done against the State? What law have they outraged? What class have they wronged, that they should thus suffer a penalty so dreadful?” And the answer could only have been, “They have done no wrong. Yearly they have sent forth their thousands from these glens to follow the battle-flag of Britain wherever it flew.”

It was a Highland *rear-lorn* hope that covered the broken wreck of Cumberland's army after the disastrous day of Fontenoy, when more British soldiers lay dead upon the field than fell at Waterloo itself. It was another Highland regiment that scaled the rock face over the St. Lawrence, and first formed a line in the September dawn on the level sward of Abraham. It was a Highland line that broke the power of the Maharatta hordes, and gave Wellington his maiden victory at Assaye. Thirty-four battalions marched from these glens to fight in America, Germany, and India, ere the eighteenth century had run its course. And yet, while abroad over the earth Highlanders were the first in assault and last in retreat, their lowly homes in far-away glens were being dragged down, and the wail of women, and the cry of children, went out upon the same breeze that bore too upon its wings the scent of heather, the freshness of gorse blossom, and the myriad sweets that made the lowly life of Scotland's peasantry blest with health and happiness.

These are crimes done in the dark hours of strife, and amid the blaze of man's passions, that sometime make the blood run cold as we read them; but they are not so terrible in their red-handed vengeance as the cold malignity of a civilised law, which permits a brave and noble race to disappear by the operation of its legalised injustice.

To convert the Highland glens into vast wastes, untenanted by human beings; to drive forth to distant and inhospitable shores, men whose forefathers had held their own among these hills, despite Roman legion, Saxon archer, or Norman chivalry, men whose sons died freely for England's honour, through those wide dominions their bravery had won for her—such was the work of laws framed in a cruel mockery of name by the Commons of England.

It might have been imagined that at a time when every recruit was worth to the State a sum of £40, some means might have been found to stay the hand of the cottage clearers, to protect from motives of state policy, if not of patriotism, the men who were literally the life-blood of the nation. But it was not so. Had these men been slaves or serfs, they would, as chattel property, have been the objects of solicitude, both on the part of their owners and of their government; but they were free men, and therefore could be more freely destroyed. Nay, the very war in which so many of their sons were bearing part, was indirectly the cause of the expulsion of the Highlanders from their homes. Sheep and oxen became of unprecedented value, through the increased demand for food supplies, and the cottage neath whose roof-tree half a dozen soldier's sons had sprung to life, had to give place to a waste wherein a Highland ox could brouse in freedom. Those who imagine that such destruction of men could not be repeated in our own day are but little acquainted with the real working of the law of landlord and tenant. It has been repeated in our own time in all save the disappearance of a soldier race; but that final disappearance was not prevented by any law framed to avert such a catastrophe, but rather because an outraged and infuriated peasantry had, in many instances, summarily avenged the wrong which the law had permitted.

Thus it was, that about the year 1808, the stream of Highland soldiery, which had been gradually ebbing, gave symptoms of running completely dry. Recruits for Highland regiments could not be obtained, for the simple reason that the Highlands had been depopulated. Six regiments, which from the date of their foundation, had worn the kilt and bonnet, were ordered to lay aside their distinctive uniform, and henceforth became merged into the ordinary line corps. From the mainland, the work of destruction passed rapidly to the isles. These remote resting-places of the Celt were quickly cleared. During the first ten years of the great war, Skye had given 4000 of its sons to the army. It has been computed that 1600 Skye-men stood in the ranks at Waterloo. To-day, in Skye, far as the eye can reach, nothing but a bare brown waste is to be seen, where still the mounds and ruined gables rise over the melancholy landscape, sole vestiges of a soldier-race for ever passed away.*

We have already stated that the absolute prohibitions against the enlistment of Roman Catholic soldiers was only removed in 1800. As may be supposed, however, the removal of that prohibition was not accompanied by any favour to that religion, save its barest toleration; but yet we find that in the fourteen years of the war following, not less than 100,000 Irish recruits offered for the army. Nearly forty years of peace followed Waterloo. It was a grand time for the people who held that the country was the place for machinery and cattle, the town for machinery and men. The broad acres were made broader by levelling cottages and fences; the narrow garrets were made narrower by the conversion of farmers into

* It has been computed by a competent authority that during the period of the wars between America and France, in the latter end of the last and beginning of the present centuries, the Isle of Skye supplied 10,000 foot soldiers, 600 commissioned officers under the rank of colonel, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 21 Lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 4 governors of British Colonies, 1 governor-general, and 1 adjutant.—[ED. C. M.]

factroy hands, and the substitution of sheep for shielings ; the picturesque people, too, said the country looked better under the new order of things ; vast areas, where men and women had lived, were turned into deer forests and grouse moors, with a tenth of the outcry, and far more injustice towards man, than accompanied the Conqueror's famous New Forest appropriations. A dreadful famine came to aid the cause of the peasant clearers in Ireland. It became easier to throw down a cottage, while its inmates were weakened by hunger ; the Irish peasant could be starved into the capitulation of the hovel which, fully potato fed, he would have resisted to the death. Yet that long period of peace had its military glories, and Celtic blood had freely flowed to extend the boundaries of our Indian Empire to the foot-hills of the great snowy range.

In 1840, the Line Infantry of Great Britain held in the total of its 90,000 rank and file, 36,000 Irishmen, and 12,000 Scotch. In 1853, on the eve of the Russian War, the numbers stood—effective strength of Line Infantry, 103,000 ; Irish, 32,840 ; Scots, 12,512.

Within a year from that date, the finest army, so far as men were concerned, that had ever left our shores, quitted England for the East. It is needless now to follow the sad story of the destruction of that gallant host. Victorious in every fight, the army perished miserably from want. With all our boasted wealth, with all our command of sea and steam power, our men died of the common needs of food and shelter within five miles of the shore, and within fifteen days of London.

Then came frantic efforts to replace that stout rank and file, that lay beneath the mounds on Catcart's Hill and at Scutari ; but it could not be done. Men were indeed got together, but they were as unlike the stuff that had gone, as the sapling is unlike the forest tree.

Has the nation ever realised the full meaning of the failure to carry the Redan on the 8th of September ? "The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last ; but the young," writes an onlooker, "were deficient in discipline and in confidence in their officers."

He might have added more ; they were the sweepings of the large, crowded towns ; they were in fact the British Infantry only in name, and yet, less than a year of war had sufficed to effect this terrible change. Here are the words in which these men have been described to us. "As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number in draughts, which came out last week, who had never fired a rifle in their lives." Such were the soldiers Great Britain had to launch against the Russian stronghold at the supreme moment of assault. Nor did this apply solely to the infantry recruit. Here is a bit descriptive of the cavalry, dated 1st September, 1855 : "No wonder the cavalry are ill, for the recruits sent out to us are miserable ; when in full dress they are all helmet and boots."

It is said that as the first rush was made upon the salient at the Redan, three old soldiers of the 41st Regiment entered with Colonel Windham. The three were named Hartnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahony ; the last, a gigantic grenadier, was shot dead as he entered, crying : "Come, on, boys, come on." There was more in the dying words of this Celtic grenadier than the mere outburst of his heroic heart. The garret-bred "boys" would not go on.

It is in moments such as this that the cabin on the hill side, the shieling in the Highland glen, become towers of strength to the nation that possesses them. It is in moments such as this, that between the peasant-born soldier, and the man who first saw the light in a crowded "court," between the coster and the cottier, there comes that gulf which measures the distance between victory and defeat—Alma and Inkerman on the one side: the Redan on the 18th of June and 8th September on the other.

We have seen that of the rank and file of the infantry of England in 1740, nearly sixty per cent. were Scotch and Irish, although the populations were ten million to fifteen. We will now compare the proportions existing since that time and to-day.

In 1853, the percentage was about forty-four. In 1868 it stood at forty, and in 1877 at thirty. Thus it has decreased, in less than forty years, about thirty per cent. This change will appear to many as one by no means to be deplored, but on the contrary to be accepted as a marked improvement. If we look upon it on the contrary, as an evil, it will not be because we believe the people of one portion of the empire to be superior to the other in fighting qualities, but because the decrease of the Irish and Scotch elements marks also the disappearance of the peasant soldier in the ranks of an army in which he has always been too scarce. The words of a great soldier are worth remembering upon this subject. "Your troops," said Cromwell to Hampden, "are, most of them, old, decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God before them, and some conscience of what they do; else you will be beaten by the king's troops as hitherto you have been in every encounter." "He (Cromwell) began," says Marshall, "by enlisting the sons of farmers and freeholders. He soon augmented his troop to a regiment," and thus was formed what another writer calls "that unconquered and unconquerable soldiery, for discipline and self-government as yet unrivalled upon earth. To whom, though free from the vices that usually disgrace successful soldiers, the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, and before whom the fiercest and proudest enemies were scattered like chaff before the wind."

Another good soldier, writing shortly after the Peninsular War, upon the depopulation of the Highlands, has left us this truth: "It is not easy for those who live in a country like England, where so many of the lower orders have nothing but what they acquire by the labour of the passing day, and possess no permanent property or share in the agricultural produce of the land, to appreciate the nature of the spirit of independence which is generated in countries where the free cultivators of the soil form the major part of the population." Had he written a few years later, he would have had to deplore a yet more extensive clearing of cottages (consolidation of farms is the more correct term), a still greater crowding of the population into the cities. He would have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation bent on redressing the wrongs, real or imaginary, of dogs and cats, of small birds and wild fowl, of horses and cattle; but obstinately blind to the annihilation or dispersion of millions of men and women, bound to it by the ties of race and country. Nay, he would have heard even congratulations upon the removal by want and hunger of

some two millions of Celts from the muster roll of the Empire. Two millions of the same people of whom our greatest soldier has said: "Give me forty thousand of them, and I will conquer Asia." Not for the conquest of further dominion in Asia, but for the defence of what we hold, we may soon want the thousands, and have to look for them in vain. Fortunate will it be if in that hour, when first the nation finds that there is a strength of nations greater than the loom and the steam-engine—a wealth of nations richer even than revenue—fortunate will it be for us, if then there should arise among us another Stein to plant once more the people upon the soil they have been so long divorced from, and to sow in Scottish glen, on English wold, and in Irish valley, the seed from which even a greater Britain may yet arise.

WHOLESALE AGENCY FOR THE *CELTIC MAGAZINE*.—In future the Trade will be supplied through the well-known firm of MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The following contributions have been unavoidably crushed out:—"Lethe," by Machaon; "An Echo from the Antipodes," by Dunquod, Victoria; "A Latha chi's nach fhairc," by Abrach, a Shliochd Shomhairle-Ruaidh, Melbourne, Australia; and "A Legend of Loch Maree," by M. A. Rose.

THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."—We have much pleasure in intimating receipt of the following subscriptions in addition to those acknowledged in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*, amounting to £23 15 0

Mr Evan MacColl, the Bard of Lochfyne, Kingston, Canada	1 1 0
Dr Mackenzie Chisholm, Radcliff, Manchester	0 13 0
Mr Evander Maciver, factor, Scourie	0 10 0
Mr Roderick Mackenzie, Balblair Distillery	0 3 0
Mr William Allan, the Sunderland Poet	0 10 0
A Friend (in addition to a Guinea already acknowledged)	0 10 0
Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness	0 10 6
Mr Alexander Campbell, Shanghai, per Mr Samuel Dow, Glasgow	1 1 0
Members of Gaelic Society of Inverness, per Mr William Mackay, solicitor—	
Mr John Mackay, C.E., Swansea, Chief of the Society	2 2 0
Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness	1 1 0
Mr Donald Mackay, Ceylon	1 1 0
Mr George M. Campbell, Ceylon	1 1 0
Mr John Mackay, of Benreay	0 10 6
Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness	0 10 6
Mr William Mackenzie, secretary, Gaelic Society	0 10 6
Mr Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor, Inverness	0 10 6
Mr G. G. Tait, solicitor, Tain	0 10 6
Mr Evan Mackenzie, solicitor, Inverness	0 10 6
Mr Finlay Macgillivray, solicitor, Inverness	0 10 6
Mr Fraser Campbell, draper, Inverness	0 5 0
Mr John Whyte, Highlander Office	0 5 0
Mr Ewen Macrae, Borlum	0 5 0
Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, Inverness	0 5 0
Mr Donald Campbell, draper, do.	0 5 0
Mr A. R. MacRaid, do.	0 2 6
Mr Finlay Maciver, carver and gilder, do.	0 2 6
Mr D. Mackintosh, High Street, do.	0 2 6
Total received	£49 4 6

INVERNESS, 17th May 1878.

THE RECENT CELTIC DEMONSTRATION by the Celtic Societies in favour of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., turned out in every respect a magnificent success. This month we present our readers with a SUPPLEMENT, giving by far the most complete report of the proceedings which has been published, the greater portion of which is taken from the *Highlander*.

Literature.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS. Vol. VI.—1876 7. Printed for the Society. 1878.

THIS volume, which should have been in the hands of the members in July of last year, has just been issued, and is very creditable to the Society. We have first presented to us a full account of the fifth annual assembly, held in July 1876, and of the annual dinner in the following July, in which are preserved some excellent speeches delivered on the occasion by Professor Blackie, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., and other gentlemen. These addresses appeared at the time in the local papers, and partly in our own pages; but, on the whole, we consider them well worthy of preservation in this permanent form. Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, relates an incident worth quoting:—

Thirty-five years ago I had the honour of a commission in the 42d Royal Highlanders, as a reward for my father's services at Waterloo and the capture of Paris. When I joined the "Forty-Twa"—"Scotia's darling corps"—the "Black Watch" was composed of real as well as loyal Highlanders. The officers were all Scotch except one, but he was educated at the Edinburgh University. The men were all Highland or Scotch except one—a Yorkshire born manufacturer—but he had the redeeming name of Munro. Well do I remember when the first English officer joined us, and the little frolic we had after mess transmogrifying him into a Scotchman. And how do you think we managed it? We made him eat and swallow a live thistle, prickles and all, and I must say he performed the operation like a man, and washed it all down with a *quach* of real mountain dew. We then received him as a brother Scot. Is it not a pity and a shame, and a great mistake that our Highland Regiments are not kept exclusively *Highland*, or at least national. The Royal warrant of King George II., issued for regimenting the Black Watch companies, contains the command that "Recruits for the 42d Royal Highlanders were always to be raised in the Highlands of Scotland, the officers and men to be natives of that country, and none other to be taken." Why, then, should English or Irish be taken into Highland Regiments, and dressed up in kilts, dirks, and feather bonnets? Why should not the true martial Highland spirit of those regiments be left unalloyed, instead of having regiments composed of different nations mixed promiscuously? If we are to have Highland Regiments why are they not composed of Highlanders, men and officers? men who would understand the notes of the war-pipe, which penetrate the inmost fibres of the heart and frame, and rivet the whole action of the soul to one point. It is thus that a charge to battle sounded in *pibaireachd* absorbs all the distracting cares and selfish sensibilities denominated fears, inflames the courage to enthusiasm, and renders a common man a hero. The sound of that martial instrument transports the Highlander with joy, in common circumstances, and renders him insensible to danger, and invincible in the conflicts of war.

Dr Hately Waddell's paper on the "Authenticity of Ossian" is out of sight the most valuable, from a literary point of view, in the whole volume, and should be read by every one who takes any interest in that question. No mere quotation would convey any idea of its power, eloquence, and brilliant ability. It is followed by a well written Gaelic paper by P. G. Tolmie, on "Remains of Ancient Religion in the North,"

which is well worthy of perusal. A paper by the Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltearn, on "The Collecting of Highland Legends," is very pleasantly written, but we think all he says might have been said with equal effect in half the space. The argument is far too elaborate and minute, so much so that the excellent object he has in view is pretty much lost sight of in the attractions of a very agreeable literary style.

"The Cosmos of the Ancient Gaels, in its Relation to their Ethics," by Donald Ross, H.M. Inspector for Schools, is ably written, but, as far as we can see, is not particularly suited to the objects of the Gaelic Society. The following may be true, but to publish such is hardly the purpose for which the Society exists:—

I have known a man of otherwise correct morals, a pious smuggler, reverently invoke the Divine blessing on his cup of whisky just taken from his illicit still. And this man was moral, and possessed a conscience thoroughly keen and purified by high influences. What Highland morality gained in intensity, it lost in compass. The clan that passed beyond the Trossachs, and plundered the valley of the Forth, was scrupulously honest within its own border; treachery, which was a heinous offence when practised against a Gaelic friend, was a cardinal virtue when brought to bear on the ruin of a Lowland foe. The circle of the individual, or the family, or latterly of the clan, was the limit of truth; falsehood had lost its character beyond that line. To defraud the British revenue was, if not exactly meritorious, at least a colourless action, quite compatible with the general goodness of Providence. The attitude of the old British Celt towards nature and the moral code which it created had their appropriate effect in influencing the national characteristics of his successor; his moral standpoint was narrow; his conscience was local; his ethics a secretion of only one stage of time. His virtues were not eternal. He opposed strength to strength, and when strength failed, artifice to force; and if he succeeded he congratulated himself in being a moral being. He was not in any sense a *Yahoo*, even although the practical moral code of this century endorses a central doctrine on his shifting one.

The paper bristles with jaw-breaking words and phrases which no one outside the teaching profession would ever dream of using. Many of them are beyond our comprehension; but that is, of course, our fault. We, however, demur to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness being handed over for the publication of mere philosophical essays by *non-members*, even if written by Inspectors of Schools, especially those of them who have not generally exhibited any peculiar predilections in favour of the people whose interest the Society professes to uphold.

We have a capital paper on "The Early History of the Gien and Royal Castle of Urquhart," by William Mackay, in which we have a most interesting account of his native district. Some of the statements made, and of the conclusions arrived at, may be open to doubt, but on the whole the paper is a valuable contribution to our local history, and we wish other members of the Society would follow Mr Mackay's example by giving the traditions and history of their respective localities. We would thus be collecting and preserving invaluable materials for an exhaustive history of the Highlands, and illustrating the character of the Highland people, by ascertained facts—not by mere negative philosophy.

The paper by Colin Chisholm on the "Clearance of the Highland Glens" is very much of this local character, though its facts are of national interest. For various reasons we consider it most valuable, and shall therefore place it almost entire before the reader in our next number. A list of members—nearly four hundred—and of the books in the library complete this interesting volume, which every paid-up member of the Society receives free of any charge.

MO NIGHEAN DONN IS BOIDHCHE.

With Spirit.

Bha mi eg a meaig nan Gall, 'S thug mi greis air feadh nam beann;
 Hi - ri - ri's ho ra - ill - o, Ra - ill o ho ra - ill o,

'S iomadh te o'n d'fhuair mi cainnt, Ach tha mi 'n geall air Mor - ag.
 Hi - ri - ri's ho ra - ill o, Mo nighean donn is boidh - che.

D. C. for Chorus.

KEY G.

: d , l , | s , . s , : l , . d | r , : r , m | s , m : r . d | 1
 : s , m | r , r : d . d | r : m . s , s | m . r , d : l , | d . |

D. C. for Chorus.

Codach cinn is ailté snuagh,
 'S e'n ordugh na iomsa' dual—
 Gus an cuir iad mi 'san usigh,
 Cha toir mi fuath do Mhorag.

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

Na h-orsain mhilis thig o d' bheul,
 'S annsa' leam na ceol nan teud ;
 'S binne no smearach air geig
 Na fuinn thig reidh bho Mhorag.

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

'S cliniteach, siofhalta, do bheus,
 Aigne ciuin, 's e socrach, reidh
 Gu seirceil, suairce, soitheamh, gleiste—
 Guais na feile Morag !

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

'Nuir lionta 'n deoch a bhiadh blath,
 Ma fheasgar's na cupain bhan',
 Ged dhuisgear agaíneann le cach,
 Cha chluinear canran Morag.

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

'Nuir chuirt an fhiodhal air ghleus,
 Gu danas air an urlar reidh,
 Bu diu mo bheachd air gach te,
 'S mo chridhe 'leum gu Morag.

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

Na'n glacadh tu nise mo laimh,
 Gu'n leiginn mulad mu lar,
 Ghabhainn oran, 'dheanann dan,
 'S mo lamh gu'n tugann pog dhut.

Hi - ri - ri, d.c.

NOTE.—The above air is popular in all parts of the Highlands, and numerous bards and versifiers have wedded words to it. The words here given are from John Mackenzie's Gaelic collection of songs, "An Cruiteara." The air has not been previously published, so far as I know.—W. M.K.

MR ALAN R. MACDONALD JEFFREY, writing on the "Highland Crofters" in the *Scottish Magazine* for May, says:—"Deer and grouse now browse and flutter over the ground from which a hardy, honest race drew their sustenance. The spoilers are not, as a rule, distinguished by one grain of the virtues and *politesse de cœur* of those whom they reduced to poverty or exile. I hold that a Government which spares neither time nor money in the detection and punishment of a murderer should exhibit a little more solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the living. But poor suffering humanity may go on suffering as long as his skin is neither black, yellow, nor copper colour. How different would be the case of the poor down-trodden Highlander were it his good fortune—in the eyes of the proselytisers—to be a lineal descendant of Ham.